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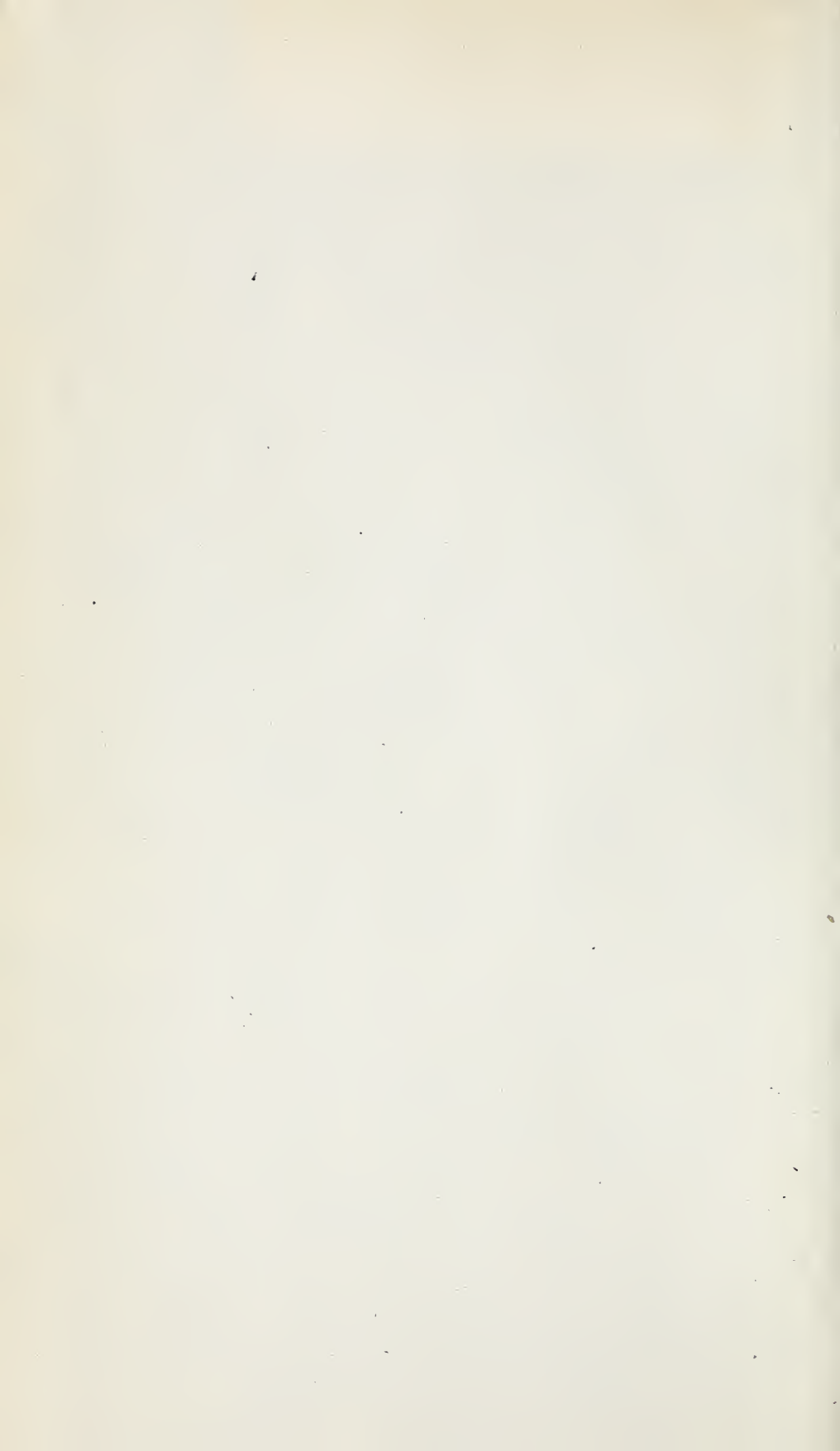
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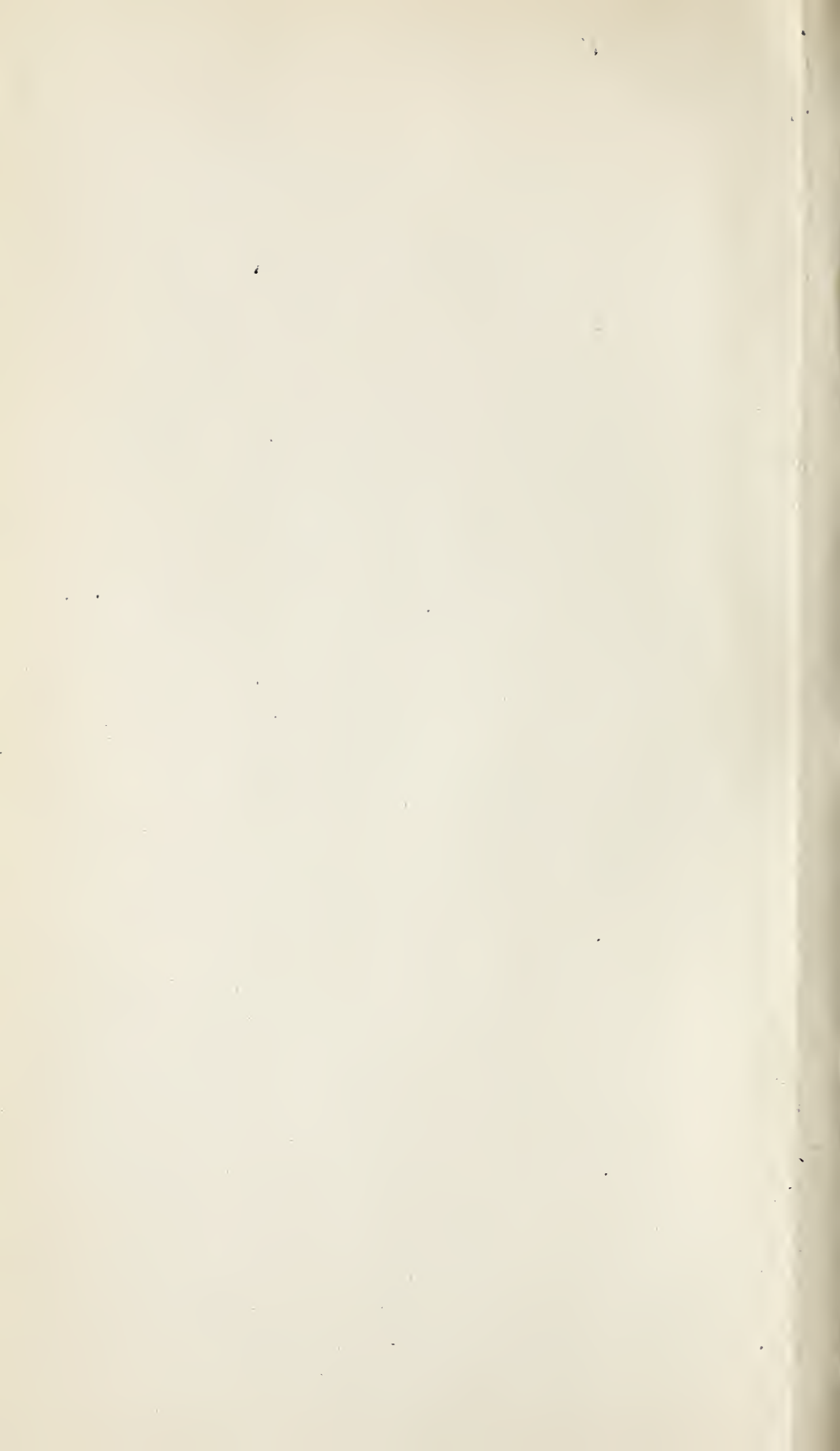
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NEW SERIES, No. 49.

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THE  
ANNUAL MONITOR  
FOR 1891,  
OR  
OBITUARY  
OF THE  
MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS  
In Great Britain and Ireland,  
FOR THE YEAR 1890.

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WILLIAM ROBINSON, WEST BANK, SCARBOROUGH.

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1890.

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IN times gone by the old Ascetics vainly fancied that they could find the way to please God by retiring to a hermit's cave or a monk's cell, thinking that, shutting themselves up from the world, they could escape its contamination and live lives of true and holy devotion. Happily modern Christian biography sets forth another and a better ideal ;—that it is in the busy haunts of men, in contact with the varied concerns of civil and social life, in the midst of commercial affairs, and in the life of home, that the servant of the Lord finds the true opportunity of following his dear Master, who, when a man amongst men, “went about doing good.” In wealth of material for such biography, the Society of Friends falls behind no section of the Church,

and year by year the pages of this little annual volume bear witness that this wealth is continually accumulating. Again this year they add their quota, as they tell of one whose daily duty led him in the paths of science and of nature, being humbled into reverent and trustful love of nature's God ;—of the man of large commercial affairs finding his opportunities of serving God as he laid out his business concerns in ways which should tend to promote the well-being of his fellow-men, thus making trade subserve philanthropy ;—of wives and mothers who found in their domestic duties a blessed service for their Lord, and who as they thus in all things sought to serve Him became centres of loving attraction to the circles around them, who, now that they are departed, love to “ rise up and call them blessed.” The more truly each of these sought to follow Christ, the more fully they could endorse His words : “ Apart from Me ye can do nothing ;” and yet the more ready were they to



acknowledge with a devoted servant of the same good Master long ago,—“ By the grace of God I am what I am; and His grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain.” If Christian biography, and the witness of this little book fulfil their desired end, they will strengthen the resolve of those who read them, to be, by the same grace, “ followers of them who, through faith and patience inherit the promises.”

W. ROBINSON.

*West Bank, Scarborough,*  
*Twelfth month, 1890.*

## LIST OF MEMOIRS.

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PRISCILLA ALLEN.

JAMES BACKHOUSE.

JOHN BINKS.

JOHN BOTTOMLEY.

SUSAN EDEY BRACHER.

FRANCIS DAVIS.

SARAH HICKS.

HENRY HIPSLEY.

CHARLOTTE JAMES.

ELI JONES.

ESTHER LATCHMORE.

HENRY LEA.

EDWARD W. MARTIN.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.

MARGARET MORTON.

ALFRED PALIAN.

SARAH A. PICKERING.

CHARLES A. RADLEY.

JOHN G. RICHARDSON.

RACHEL ROBSON.

RICHARD SHACKLETON.

ANN SMITH.

GRIZZELL MARIA SMITH.

CONSTANCE ANN

SOUTHALL.

JONATHAN WALKER.

ELIZABETH WELLS.

WALTER WILSON.

*These memoirs are published without any official sanction or supervision on the part of the Society of Friends, and on the sole responsibility of the writers, their friends, and the Editor.*

THE  
ANNUAL MONITOR.  
1891.

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OBITUARY.

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	Age.	Time of Decease.
PRISCILLA ALLEN,	86	22 6 mo. 1890
<i>Charlemont, Richhill.</i> Wife of Isaac Allen.		

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.”

Priscilla Allen was the daughter of Richard and Frances Allen, of Grange, Richhill, Co. Armagh, and was born in 1804. Her father died when she was very young, leaving six children to the care of a Christian mother.

No written record remains of her early years, but there is evidence that she yielded her heart to the call of her Lord and Saviour in her youthful days, and that the work of divine grace quietly but surely brought forth its fruits in her daily life. In her twenty-fifth year she was united in marriage to Isaac Allen (who

still survives her), and those who best knew her can testify to her Christian character as wife and mother. The years that followed were varied by times of trial, which she was enabled to bear with Christian resignation; she had proved that the Lord is a present help in trouble, and the words of Scripture, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee," were eminently fulfilled in her experience.

She was, while able, a diligent attender of the meeting to which she belonged, and esteemed it a privilege to meet with her fellow-members in the solemn duty of worshipping God in spirit and in truth.

Priscilla Allen was comparatively little known beyond her own circle of relations and near friends; she greatly enjoyed the visits of Friends travelling in the Ministry, many of whom were enabled from time to time to speak very closely to her spiritual state.

For many years previous to her death she was unable to attend meetings, and rarely saw many friends. She thus describes the joy she felt in waiting where alone true peace is to be found:—"Here I am hidden from all society and dear friends I have met with in days that are past; but I have joys the world knows not

of; Jesus my Saviour knows my solitary abode, and comes and sweetly communes with His lowly dust; and truly He is to my soul the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely; my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour. Oh, He is faithful, from youth to old age the same; I could not be happy without His presence, thanks and glory be to Him."

She was accustomed to read with deep interest from year to year the records in the *Annual Monitor*, of her fellow-pilgrims who had reached the Home of the children of God before her, and being gifted with a very retentive memory was enabled to relate to others the religious experience of very many whose names had appeared in its pages. She says, "I have been reading the *Annual Monitor* this morning with great comfort, and it was sounded in my inward ear, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh,' accompanied with ability to pray in a living sense of my great need to trim the lamp and keep it burning." It may be said that the reading of the Holy Scriptures and the writings of Friends occupied most of her time during the latter part of her life. Some extracts from



her diary written at intervals, extending over a period of about twenty years, may show the spiritual state of her mind; they are mostly without date, and written in her own simple heartfelt language. She writes on 1st of First month, 1872:—"I desire to commemorate the Lord's goodness to me this morning; truly I am more than a ten thousand pence debtor to Him who permits dust and ashes such as I am to approach His footstool, and bows His ear to hear my prayer." "I have been enabled this morning, after a day of darkness, to feel the sceptre was held out that I might draw near and let my petition come up before Him, in the hem of whose garment there remains to be healing. Glory, glory be ascribed to His great and worthy name."

"*Tenth month 10th, 1873.*—I have this morning a glorious prospect sealed on my heart, that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens, through the merits of Jesus my Saviour; and I look on this treasure as greater riches than all the treasures of this fading world; yea, bags of gold are as dross in comparison to the sweetness there is when permitted to sit at the feet



of Jesus. Holy is His name; all that is within me says, Amen."

— "This day I have been greatly blessed and have renewed my covenant that, through Jesus and His grace and help, I will serve the Lord my God all the days He may see meet to appoint me here in this world of sorrow and trial, of which I have drunk deeply."

"*First month 1st, 1875.*—It has felt solemn to me as the old year expired and the new one has dawned; I have been greatly blessed in dedicating my all unto the care of my Heavenly Father, trusting in Jesus for ability to bear my daily cross."

"*First month 2nd, 1876.*—I have to speak good of the name of the Lord. He has kept me often near Himself through the past year, and given me to eat of the fruit of the tree of life. I am often alone and see the great need I have to seek a closer walk with my God and Saviour. He has done much for me.

' I nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.  
My Father's home on high  
Home of the blessed how near! ' "

More than a thousand pence debtor am I to my Almighty caretaker; He is my portion, and I

feel that I am His. In a little while trouble shall cease, weeping and sorrow be at an end, all will be joy."

—— "1887.—This day I complete my eighty-third year. With desire I have longed to renew my covenant with the Lord, to be more faithful and prayerful the little while yet allotted me ; it cannot be long."

—— "I wish in my feeble way to commemorate the Lord's goodness to me in this my lonely situation ; no language of mine is able to set forth His love and nearness to me. He has made me to sit at His feet, where I have found it to be none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven to my waiting soul."

This dear friend had her stated times and places for retirement and prayer ; referring to which, she says :—

"I have found it hard to leave that dear place, where, gathered from five in the evening till six, I could wish always to remain ; for there He gives me to eat of that bread that comes down from Heaven, and keeps me in sweet peace through the day, hidden as I am from all outward good. Oh that I could praise Him. He has not cast me off in old age, but has fulfilled His gracious promise, 'To hoary hairs I

am He.” What shall I render unto Thee ? My whole heart ; I lay it on Thy altar, oh my Lord, that it there may be renewed and made clean ; a temple for the indwelling God.”

—— “ In a little while this body will be laid in the silent grave, but a glorious hope lives in my heart, that my soul shall, through the merits of my great High Priest, enter the pearl gates, no more to weep, no more to sin. Oh Thou High and Holy One ! What shall my soul say of Thee ? Thou art ever present ; Thou art here and hast refreshed me, when I am not able to present my poor body in the house of prayer. I desire to bless and praise Thy great name because Thy mercy endureth for ever, and Thy lovingkindness from everlasting to everlasting ; therefore let the earth stand in awe of Thee, let my soul be prostrate before Thy dread majesty.

—— “ Oh, affecting thought, a time to die, a time when this mortal conflict will be over, when this heart shall cease to ache, and these eyes will weep no more ; best and holiest of all, a time when this corruptible shall put on immortality, for ever with the Lord. Oh my soul, there is consolation in prayer, there is sympathy in Jesus. Lord, all my desire is before Thee, and my groaning is not hid from Thee ;

Thou art able in a moment of time to grant my request."

—— "My health does not improve much, though a good deal relieved from pain. May I be on the watch-tower, having my loins girded and lamp burning, and when Thou art pleased, oh dearest Lord, to say 'It is enough,' may the poor dust be ready. Support and be with me I pray Thee to the end; and grant, most holy Father, that my faith fail not. Thou alone, oh my God, knowest my affliction and what I suffer in this poor body. Be Thou with me to the end ' it is Thy presence, dearest Lord, can support me and I can testify Thy grace is sufficient, and that Thou art a present help in time of need."

—— "1889.— I am this day eighty-five years' old, waiting in the borderland. I believe my time here will not be long. I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens; thanks and praises to my Redeemer. 'Fear not: when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou passest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; through the flames they shall not kindle upon thee.'" Since I last

wrote I have felt something of what it is to pass through deep waters. A little more, and all will be over. I can look up and say—

‘Yonder is my portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding Home.’

Trouble ceases on that tranquil happy shore. It is a happy thought, in a little while I shall drop this vile body, and go to dwell for ever with the Lord, and bask in the bright beams of Redeeming Love. When millions of years shall be past and gone, still one vast eternity shall be before me.”

In a letter written to her nephew and niece a few weeks before her decease, she says, “I have many kind friends who call to sit with me, and, better than all, the Lord is with me. I am peaceful and happy, waiting for my change, yea longing for it. I have much time for prayer, sweet prayer in the morning hours, the most happy of my life. My dears, I wish you to get word when my head is laid on the death-pillow that may not be far distant; you will see my last remains laid in the silent grave. The immortal part will be in glory, never more to be disturbed. Meet, oh, my loved ones, meet me in glory.”



The end was as she had anticipated, not far distant. Soon afterwards the powers of nature gradually gave way; then followed a time of unconsciousness, during which she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, leaving those around her fully assured that the redeemed spirit, released from its frail earthly tabernacle, had taken its flight to be "for ever with the Lord."

    Tempted, but not forsaken,  
    We know she triumphed here ;  
Her faith was still unshaken  
    That aid to help was near.

Apart from the Master never,  
    Still waiting to hear His call,  
She stood on the watch-tower ever ;  
    In His strength she could not fall.

The Hand that safely guided  
    Her steps along life's way,  
To the last she still confided  
    In it to be her stay.

Rough was the path it led her,  
    Chequered with many cares ;  
Yet still with the manna fed her  
    And sifted the wheat from the tares.

Waiting, but ne'er benighted,  
    Through years of weakness here,  
She watched with her lamp still lighted,  
    Till the Bridegroom should appear.



She heard His voice undaunted,  
 With her soul resigned and calm,  
 As He bid her come up higher  
 To the marriage of the Lamb.

No cloud of doubt hung o'er her  
 The Haven to obscure ;  
 The prize lay straight before her,  
 The crown of life was sure.

ARTHUR ATKINSON,            6   15   1 mo. 1890  
*Lancaster.* Son of Thomas and Margaret  
 Atkinson.

MARTHA ALSOP, *Maldon.* 91   27   10 mo. 1889  
 Widow of Matthew Alsop.

JAMES BACKHOUSE,            65   31   8 mo. 1890  
*West Bank, York.* A Minister.

It is given to few amongst us to enter, as did our late dear friend, into so many and varied interests of life. Gifted by nature with a singularly powerful and versatile intellect, these powers were early consecrated to the service of God ; and while that service ever had the uppermost place in his mind and work, it was enriched and vivified by the varied talents which found many avenues of usefulness and culture.

He further possessed the rare faculty of imparting to others the profoundest knowledge

in the most modest but charming conversation. It was no slight privilege to be in his company, and listen to the outpourings of his well-stored mind, given forth with so much simplicity and gentleness that one scarcely realised the thought and research they represented. And for those who enjoyed his closest intimacy there was deep and blessed instruction in the reverent humility which marked his conversation on the highest themes, as, when giving expression to his deeply thought-out convictions, it seemed as though there always lived in his heart the earnest, longing prayer, "That which I know not, teach *Thou* me."

To form one of the family circle and see the varied and interesting occupations of his active leisure, seemed to give an impetus and a fresh sense of the richness and beauty of life. And still more, in the spot which seemed entirely to belong to him among the rocks and flowers he loved, one realised where the springs of so much gentle wisdom had their rise—in the true love of Nature, in that reverent and attentive listening to the

"Sounding loom

Which weaves for God the vesture thou  
knowest Him by."

For he loved to trace his Father's hand and to find the proofs of that Father's wisdom and goodness and love in the flowers, and in the rocks, and to see the thoughts of his friends drawn, as his own so often were, through Nature up to Nature's God.

His outward calling was a fortunate one ; for, associated with his uncle and father in the management of their well-known nursery ground, this occupation afforded James Backhouse much opportunity for pursuing those natural history, and especially those botanical tastes, which he had inherited from his father. In company with him, he became a frequent traveller, and their researches in Teesdale, and the wilder parts of Scotland, resulted in enriching the British flora with the names of various species before unknown in this country. James Backhouse was a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, and a singularly accurate observer of the habits of plants ; and his skill in reproducing their favourite environments made him eminently successful in their culture. He investigated with great care various botanical problems. The results of these were not unfrequently communicated to botanical journals. His monograph of British *Hieracia* remains a standard

work in reference to the family of plants it treats of.

Nor was it only to botanical subjects that his energies were directed; several other branches of natural history also claimed his careful study. He was a fellow of the Geological Society, and made a remarkably fine collection of ancient stone implements, of specimens from bone caves, and other fossil remains, as well as of shells, butterflies, and objects of general and historic interest, arranged in the museum which formed a delightful and characteristic part of the home at West Bank.

His life was not very long nor very eventful, but, like the whole of his individuality, was drawn on a few strong, simple lines. As is often the case with lives destined to leave a mark behind them, his path early lay through the refining fires of sorrow. His mother died when he was so young that he could hardly remember her; and his father soon after was called to that long missionary journey to South Africa and Australasia which separated him from his children for nine and a half years. During this time, James and his little sister Elizabeth, who afterwards became the wife of the late Joseph Crosfield, found a second

mother in their aunt, Elizabeth Backhouse, who fulfilled her duties to the practically orphaned children with faithful and tender care. When he was but eight years and a half old, he was sent to the school in Lawrence Street, York, under the superintendence of John Ford. At that time there appears to have been a good deal of "bullying" in the school, and the timid and delicate boy often hid away during playtime to escape the unkindness of his schoolfellows. He did not shine as a brilliant or clever boy at school, but was always intelligent and eager to gain general information; and was much happier when studying natural history in its varied branches, than when learning the school lessons.

Shortly after leaving school, he became one of the managers of the Nursery Grounds; and, before long, the chief weight of the whole concern devolved upon him, his uncle being removed by death, and his father often absent on religious journeys.

He threw himself with all his energy into his work, but the responsibility on one so young, and of so highly sensitive a nature, proved almost too much for him. His health gave way, necessitating visits to Benrhydding,



for rest and change. Here, besides recovering his physical strength, in the new and varied circle he felt his mental powers, and, better still, his religious faith, braced by contact with minds differing widely from his own; the very opposition he met with testing, and eventually strengthening, his own faith, especially as regards the principles of Friends.

As further change became desirable, he accompanied his father on two occasions into Norway, when they paid interesting visits to the few Friends there, and much enjoyed also the grand scenery through which they passed. They felt themselves fortunate in seeing the total eclipse of the sun, from the summit of one of the highest mountains, in the year 1851.

Four years later James Backhouse married Mary, daughter of the late Isaac and Sarah Robson, a blessed and happy union, though not exempt from care and sorrow. Bereavement cast its shadow more than once over their home, and ill-health was a constant source of anxiety. In these days when there are many rival claims to those of home, James Backhouse was one of the few whose interests and pursuits centred round his own fireside, to which his animating and loving spirit gave its chief charm. Simple,



refined, and hospitable, the manner of the house reflected its master. Its atmosphere seemed invested with the calm serenity of his own blessed faith, which had stood the test of the inward questionings of intellect, and the stern and sometimes bitter discipline of life.

It has been truly observed that in ordinary conversation, whether with his many intellectual friends, numbering among them some of the foremost scientific men of his day, or even with those he met casually, he would constantly and naturally raise the tone of the discussion, and reveal for a moment by some reference to the eternal world the hidden working of his own mind. He found no incompatibility between his position as a man of science and that of a humble follower of Christ. In this special aspect of his character, not to speak of others, he was by his example a succourer of many.

“He was a greatly interested observer of the progress of events, both in the world and in the Church. His sympathies were always with the cause of righteousness and justice. Temperance, the protection of aboriginal races, religious liberty, and notably international peace, had in him a fast friend. At the time of the Russian war he exercised whatever influence he had in

opposition to the belligerent spirit then rampant. His pamphlet "Is War Lawful for the Christian?" treating the subject, as the title indicates, from the Christian standpoint, has had a considerable circulation. His volume on "French Protestantism" indicated the interest awakened in his mind by a temporary residence amidst the scenes of the Huguenot struggle in the south of France.

James Backhouse, however, did not enjoy the robust health which would have enabled him to take part in public life, and the same cause prevented much active participation in the affairs of the Society of Friends, when transacted in meetings not held in his own locality. As a member of the Society he was very highly esteemed and beloved. He had been for many years a recognised minister of the Gospel. His ministry was chiefly exercised in his own meeting, where it was highly valued. His somewhat tremulous voice was not readily heard in a large building. But so deep a hush was wont to spread over the congregation when James Backhouse spoke, that his addresses were generally well understood. He was amongst those possessing a large gift in few words. Those few words impressed the hearer as being

the outcome of deep feeling, often of much thought, and under the true anointing. His subject was often illustrated by felicitous quotation from the treasury of poetry with which his mind was richly stored. His views of his own attainments in the Christian life were exceeding lowly. He was no stranger to many spiritual conflicts. It is believed, however, that the influence he exercised in supporting the faith of others was far greater than he was aware of. It was known that he was a fearless thinker. He accepted as highly probable, if not absolutely proved, the scientific doctrine of evolution. He regarded without alarm the progress of scientific discovery and historical research, as affecting the interpretation of parts of the written revelation. These matters appeared to have no disturbing influence in respect to his personal faith in Christ as his Saviour and Redeemer, or upon his lowly prayerful walk as a disciple of the Lord Jesus.”\*

A friend who enjoyed near intimacy with James Backhouse, whose spiritual trials drew forth his deepest sympathy, writes :—“ His fellowship and sympathy have been a solace and a strength ; his comprehensive views of Christian

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\* *The Friend*, Tenth month, 1890.

truth, and the devotion of his Christian life, have been to me an uplifting and inspiring influence; his humility, and the gentleness that made him great, have been an example. His humility would forbid any praise of him; it was a perpetual disavowal in spirit of any merit in himself. It was of grace, as all good is, and to the Lord be the praise, who made him what he was, the beautiful character that we loved." And one of the secret springs of that beauty of character is revealed in the simple but telling testimony of an old and faithful servant in the family:—"He was a man of prayer. The master used to go up to his room in the evening to pray; and so did I, and we were often near the Throne together."

The last sad illness (the result probably of a fall, causing injury to the head, two years previous to his death), which little by little narrowed the sphere of his interests, was one which by its very nature withdrew him more and more even from those who loved him best, and made communication infrequent, especially on matters of personal faith. But when the veil of weakness was raised, it was to prove that the mind, though assailed by grievous physical affliction, was yet stayed on Him who had ever



been his trust. The cultured and brilliant intellect had always honoured its Lord, and in the moment of extremity that Lord was faithful to him. One evening, when the attendant was leaving him for the night, he said to his master, "Good night, and God bless you." "He *has* blessed me," was the reply, uttered with an emphasis that was unmistakeable; and on other occasions the few simple words in response to the remarks of those around him testified to the fact that "the anchor held," until at last, as we reverently believe, his bark was "wafted to the shore by breath divine," and on the 31st of Eighth month, 1890, the pure brave spirit entered its final rest.

ROWLAND HENRY BACKHOUSE,

*Darlington.* 3 14 7 mo. 1890

Son of Henry and Georgina M. Backhouse.

GEORGE BADDELEY, 65 19 1 mo. 1890

*Hailsham, Sussex.*

MARGARET R. BAKER, 18mos. 16 8 mo. 1888

*Hoshangabad, India.* Daughter of Samuel and Anna Baker.

THOMAS CHARLES BAKER, 42 17 3 mo. 1890

*Rathmines, Dublin.*

JOHN BARCLAY, 68 27 10 mo. 1889

*Falmouth.* A Minister.

RACHEL BARKAS, 88 5 1 mo. 1890  
*Tunstall, Staffordshire.* Widow of William  
 Barkas, late of Shotley Bridge, Durham.

EVELYN RACHEL BARRETT,  
*Stamford Hill, London.* 12 6 6 mo. 1889  
 Only child of Richard and Rachel Elizabeth  
 Barrett.

ANNE CHARLTON BARRITT,  
 59 13 5 mo. 1890  
*Colchester.* Widow of James Barritt.

ANN BARTLETT, 57 1 12 mo. 1889  
*Henley-on-Thames.* Widow of William Bart-  
 lett.

HENRY BATGER, 68 15 4 mo. 1890  
*Stoke Newington.*

SARAH BAXTER, *Keswick.* 30 9 11 mo. 1889  
 Daughter of Mary Ann and the late Dowling  
 Baxter.

CHARLOTTE ELIZA BEALE,  
 42 29 12 mo. 1889  
*Cork.* Wife of Henry H. Beale.

JOHN FREDERICK BEWLEY, 48 16 1 mo. 1890  
*Kingstown, Dublin.*

ISAAC BIGLAND, 74 18 1 mo. 1890  
*Stockton-on-Tees.*

JOHN BINKS, 63 15 6 mo. 1890  
*Wakefield.*



Although John Binks was throughout his life a convinced and attached member of the Society of Friends, yet he probably was not called to take an active part in its special or distinctive work. His friends can now see, since his decease more clearly than they could before, that he had a mission from his Heavenly Father of a truly beneficent character, which, with great industry and energy, and with all his power, he endeavoured to fulfil.

He was born at Bolton, in Lancashire, on the third of Twelfth month, 1826, and was educated at Ackworth School, and afterwards at Tulketh Hall, under the late George Edmondson, an educationist far in advance of his time in his endeavours to make school-life a practical preparation for usefulness in a wider sphere. John Binks was one of his favourite pupils, and illustrated, both at school and in after years, the benefits of his educational system.

In 1842 he was apprenticed to a merchant extensively engaged in the corn trade in Wakefield, and continued in that business in the same town for the rest of his life.

It was in the Mechanics' Institute that he first found an opportunity for the beneficial exercise of his talents for organisation, of his

cheerful and bright tact in dealing with men, and of his unwearied diligence in philanthropic efforts. First as librarian, and afterwards as secretary—both of them posts involving a large amount of labour—he was enabled for many years materially to aid the Institute in very successful educational work.

But it was in the Clayton Hospital and Dispensary of his adopted town that he found what may be almost called his life-work. It was a very small institution when he became its secretary, in 1860; but his intense sympathy with the sick and suffering stimulated all his powers, and he devoted himself from that time until his decease to the extension of its usefulness and the perfecting of its administration.

He was mainly instrumental in the erection, in 1877-8, of a new and much larger hospital providing fifty beds, at a cost of more than £28,000. Seldom did a day pass without his visiting the establishment, bent upon maintaining its efficiency; consulted by the chief officials, and cheering them and their subordinates in their humane and often arduous labours. The patients, too, had each a cheerful, kindly inquiry, and words of encouragement from him. He

might, indeed, be called "the House-Father" of the Hospital.

The large Lancasterian School for thirty-five years had the benefit of his unwearied efforts as Treasurer and one of the principal Managers, and many were the testimonies borne by the pupils in after-life to the value of his work in this school.

The School of Art and Science, now being placed in large newly-built premises, was greatly indebted to him.

The interests of these various institutions and others of a like charitable or educational character, were promoted by him as earnestly as if they had been his own particular business; and he thus obeyed the Scriptural exhortation, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

It could not be otherwise than that one who had thus filled so honourable and useful a position among the philanthropic and other institutions of his place of residence should be greatly missed; and the public press of Wakefield at the time of his decease gave full expression to the wide-spread sense of loss which that event occasioned. In issuing an appeal for a successor to the vacant post of Honorary Secretary to

the Clayton Hospital, Archdeacon Straton of Wakefield says :—

“At the close of the meeting of the Clayton Hospital Committee, held for the purpose of expressing their deep sense of the irreparable loss which that valuable institution has sustained by the death of the late lamented Mr. John Binks, an earnest hope was expressed, to which, as chairman, I was requested to give publicity. While, on the one hand, the more we looked at the unostentatious, diligent, and thorough work of the late Honorary Secretary, the more we felt how hard it would be in any adequate degree to supply his place; yet, on the other hand, a feeling of quiet trustfulness seemed to pervade the minds of all present, that Almighty God would put it into the heart of some suitable person to undertake the duties of the vacant post.

“It has been well said that although God buries His workmen, still He carries on His work; and the Committee hope—nay, they cannot doubt—that the mantle of their departed friend will be found to have fallen on some one desirous and well qualified to stand in his place and follow his example.”

In 1871 John Binks was married to Isabel,

daughter of the late George Benington, of Wakefield, who survives him.

During his later years he suffered from a serious chronic malady, which brought to him the assurance, to which he gave expression, that his life could not be much prolonged. He was not one who spoke much on spiritual things; he preferred a Christianity which shone out in life and its activities; whilst, at the same time, those who knew him best are assured that he was a humble but firm believer in the infinite love of God as shown forth in His dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; and that it was in the perhaps unrecognised constraining of that great love that he was led so cheerfully and disinterestedly to devote himself to the good of those around him.

On First-day, the 4th of Fifth month, 1890, J. Binks was taken more seriously ill whilst attending the Friends' meeting at Wakefield. In a few days, however, he rallied sufficiently to visit the hospital; and he continued to receive frequent visits for consultation from those associated with him in various good works. His brightness and cheerfulness, and the feverish flush in his face, deceived his friends until the last week, when another serious attack occurred,



and after much distressing pain, which he bore without a murmur, a lengthened period of unconsciousness supervened, in which he passed away, on the 15th of Sixth month, 1890.

LUCY BINNS, *Manchester*. 71 30 11 mo. 1889

Wife of William Binns.

SUSAN SPENCELEY BINNS, 39 16 2 mo. 1890

*Middlesborough*. Wife of Edmund Binns.

LUCY SWAN BISSHOPP, 64 11 11 mo. 1889

*Hastings*.

SARAH E. BLUNSOM, 40 18 1 mo. 1890

*Northampton*. Wife of William Blunsom.

FRANCES BOBBETT, 71 24 2 mo. 1890

*Clifton, Bristol*. Wife of John W. Bobbett.

ELEANOR BOLTON, 58 14 2 mo. 1890

*Dublin*. Wife of Henry E. Bolton.

SARAH BORHAM, 87 6 8 mo. 1890

*Leicester*. Widow of William Borham.

JOHN BOTTOMLEY, 79 15 2 mo. 1890

*Birmingham*. An Elder.

Although the humble retiring spirit of our late friend would have shrunk from any notice of his life appearing in the *Annual Monitor*, it is believed that a short account will be acceptable to his friends.

John Bottomley was born at Shepley, near Huddersfield, on the 6th of Fourth month, 1810. On leaving Ackworth School, he was appren-



ticed to Thomas Firth, a grocer at Huddersfield. He felt it hard to leave home, but was obedient to his parents, ever proving a dutiful and most affectionate son, and caring for them, as far as distance would allow, until their death. Very pleasant friendship and intercourse with his master was continued until the decease of the latter in 1879.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, he entered the employment of Samuel Fox, of Nottingham; but, a few months later, on the death of his brother-in-law, Alexander Wheeler, by the loss of the *Rothsay Castle*, in 1831, he thought it his duty to remove to Birmingham to assist his widowed sister to carry on her husband's business.

From this time, Birmingham became the place of his residence. He lived with his sister, caring for her and her children, until she married again. He then began business for himself, and in 1837, married Hannah B. Drewett, of Canterbury. They were true help-meets one to the other, and their union continued unbroken for nearly fifty years.

John Bottomley was of a serious disposition from boyhood, desirous of living in the fear of the Lord; and it is believed that, from very

early years, he endeavoured to "follow after the things which make for peace, and things whereby one may edify another."

Though not given to much expression of his religious feelings, he was not ashamed to confess his Saviour by words and deeds; and those around him could not fail to see that he was animated by a desire to serve his Heavenly Master, and that his delight was in the unseen and eternal realities.

He was ever diligent in business, and carefully attentive to its smallest details, but, nevertheless, found time to assist others in many ways.

Throughout his life he appreciated the privilege of the regular attendance of week-day meetings and meetings for discipline, regarding them as occasions with which other matters must not be allowed to interfere. He was at one time Clerk to his Quarterly Meeting, and also filled the office of Overseer, and was in the station of Elder for many years; and, though of late he had not been able to take much part in meetings for discipline, his meek and loving spirit and few words of counsel and affectionate sympathy were much valued in the meeting of Ministry and Oversight.

He was for many years a member of the Meeting for Sufferings, and a diligent attender of the Yearly Meeting.

He occasionally spoke in meetings for worship, and he was a kind sympathizer with young Friends who felt called to speak as Ministers, advising and encouraging them in a loving, fatherly manner.

To the poorer Friends of his meeting, he was a kind helper, and liked to take notice of those who, he feared, might be sometimes overlooked.

In 1882, John Bottomley had a severe illness; and, although in course of time he regained much of his physical and mental power, he was never again so vigorous as before, and became more dependent upon his wife and children. But his spirit grew more and more loving to all around him; heavenly things became dearer, living, as he did, in communion with his Lord, whose praises were often upon his lips, with grateful thanks for His mercies in Christ Jesus.

His beloved wife was taken from him after a short illness, in 1886. This was a deep trial, but he sweetly bore the bereavement, often expressing his gratitude for having so long been

permitted to enjoy such sweet companionship ; and he continued patiently waiting until his own call came.

He attended the Quarterly Meeting held in Birmingham in First month, 1890, being present at both sittings. About a week later, he was attacked with pneumonia, and, after ten days illness, was gently and peacefully taken to the Better Land.

“ All mercy,” was his prevailing feeling and expression, with gratitude for the many blessings he enjoyed. He was a tender and loving father, and his children gratefully acknowledge that his influence and example were always for good, and it was ever his earnest desire that they should become true Christians and devoted to the cause of righteousness.

ANNE BOURNE, 92 18 2 mo. 1890

*King's Lynn.*

SUSAN EDEY BRACHER, 93 31 1 mo. 1890

*Wincanton.* A Minister. Widow of James Bracher.

Susan E. Bracher, widow of the late James Bracher, of Wincanton, and daughter of John and Susanna Veale, of St. Austell, was born on the 12th of Second month, 1797. The natural vivacity and sweetness of her disposition from

the earliest years of her life secured for her a large circle of friends and acquaintances, both in and beyond the Society of Friends, and she has often alluded to her youth as having been a season, at times, of peculiar trial and temptation, through which she was mercifully preserved in some degree from following the vanities of the world.

Possessed of considerable personal attractions, combined with a genial affability of manner, she had many admirers; but, with a sincere desire for right guidance, she preferred, as she afterwards expressed it, a partner "to whom she could look for help in her heavenward journey."

In the year 1822 she was united in marriage to James Bracher, of Wincanton, whose father, Thomas Bracher, had joined the Society by conviction. Their position in regard to Friends was somewhat isolated; Thomas Bracher's family being the only resident members, and there being no meeting-house in the town, they were accustomed for many years to attend Friends' meetings at Sherborne, a drive of ten miles, until a small meeting-house was built at Wincanton. The regular attendance of meetings for worship as well as Quarterly and Monthly



Meetings being regarded as a religious duty and privilege, was continued with exemplary punctuality during the bringing up of a large family, and for the remainder of life as long as health and failing strength would permit.

In the course of her long life S. E. Bracher became increasingly attached to the principles held by the Society of which she was so consistent a member, and she formed life-long friendships with some of its most exemplary characters, among whom, in particular, may be mentioned the late Rebecca Byrd, of Marnhull. This dear friend is believed to have been one of her chief spiritual counsellors, and the means of overcoming her natural reluctance to come forward as a minister. S. E. Bracher's addresses in meetings were usually short; and, though often delivered in much brokenness of spirit, were felt to be attended with the true unction of Divine grace. During the latter part of her life these utterances became more frequent.

It was, doubtless, no small comfort to her, during the forty years of her married life, to have made choice of a partner who, although so reticent in manner and opposite to herself in disposition, was nevertheless a true helpmeet, and an uncompromising supporter of that which



he believed right principle, both in religion and morality.

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Her tender sympathy and desire to help the distressed were manifested at a very early age ; for, when quite a child, we find her at one time giving orders to bring in from the street a starved looking dog to be fed ; and on another occasion making fruitless though repeated endeavours to teach an imbecile to read. Previous to the passing of the Poor Law Union Act of 1834, accompanied by her children, then quite young, she would visit those dens of misery, the parish poor-houses, to afford, if possible, some relief or consolation to the sick or dying.

The slight ailments of a large family afforded her the opportunity of acquiring considerable skill in the treatment of simple affections, and her efforts in this direction among the poor around her were attended with marked success, often in cases considered hopeless or incurable ; a large portion of her time was sometimes thus occupied.

Her ardent affection for her children and her deep interest in their religious welfare, needed no stimulus to the discharge of a mother's responsibilities. She was in the habit of collecting them together on First-days for the perusal of

the Bible and other religious books ; her remarks to them individually in private also, on Scripture subjects, were of a deeply instructive character, and calculated to make a lasting impression on their youthful minds.

In the domestic sphere it may be truly said, " she looked well to the ways of her household, and did not eat the bread of idleness." When in health she was an early riser, and nothing in the way of household duties was negligently attended to.

Her trials, however, were of no light character. It was about the year 1843 that she suffered her first bereavement in the death, after a very short illness, of one of her children, a promising boy of nine. This was a severe stroke to a mind so sensitive as hers ; but when from time to time called upon to part with one and another of her cherished offspring, until their number had been reduced from thirteen to five, there came the crowning sorrow in the sudden death, in the year 1862, of a most affectionate husband, her chief earthly support in every trial, and partner of all her joys and sorrows, her cup of suffering would seem to have been full. Resignation and acquiescence in the Divine will were, however, at length attained, and in the after-

years of her life, her heart often overflowed with love and gratitude to her Heavenly Father, enabling her, like the Apostle, to rejoice in all her tribulations, and to recount the manifold mercies and blessings of which she had been so great a partaker.

Her religion was of an eminently practical character, and her deep and ready sympathy for the sorrowful and suffering endeared her to many of this class, her simple and inexpensive mode of life enabling her also to contribute largely to the temporal wants of the poor and needy, while her warm heart and genial manner induced the friendship and confidence of the young. The gift of speaking a word in season, whether of reproof or encouragement, was in some instances exercised with striking results.

It must not be supposed that in a life chequered with many severe trials and anxieties, together with earnest solicitude for those of her children who were often exposed to surroundings and influences of an unfavourable character, there were not seasons of depression and discouragement ; but her steadfast allegiance to her Lord and Master, and faith in His over-ruling providence, continued through life to be marked features in her character.

The prolongation of life to such an advanced age she would often say was a marvel to herself, and that though the infirmities of old age were great, she believed the Almighty had some wise purpose in it. Her earnest desire, often expressed to her children, that she might not be permitted to outlive her mental faculties, was mercifully granted; she not only managed all her domestic affairs to within a few days of her decease, but was able to take an affectionate farewell of her children and grandchildren, and to send kind messages to a large circle of Friends and others, mentioning them individually, not forgetting her own servants.

MARIA BRADBURN,                      62   18   12 mo. 1889

*The Wash, near Stockport.* Widow of Samuel Bradburn.

DOROTHY BRADY,                      7   14   2 mo. 1890

*Barnsley.* Daughter of Walter and Maria Brady.

ELIZA BREWIN,                      82   5   1 mo. 1890

*Cirencester.*

MARY ANN BRISON,                      76   14   2 mo. 1890

*Bishopston, near Bristol.* Widow of Robert Brison.

MARY BROADHEAD,                      81   15   9 mo. 1890

*Sheffield.* Widow of Rogers Broadhead.

EDITH ANNIE BROOKS, 27 24 6 mo. 1890  
*Grays, Essex.* Daughter of Edmund Wright  
and Lucy Ann Brooks.

ALICE MAUD BROWN, 13 29 4 mo. 1890  
*Matlock Bridge.* Daughter of Samuel Brown.

ELIZABETH BROWN, 70 27 12 mo. 1889  
(*née* Rutter) *Falmouth.* Widow of Richard  
Marks Brown, of Crowmarsh, Oxfordshire.

SARAH BURGESS, 91 5 9 mo. 1890  
*Spalding.* Widow of Thomas Burgess.

PHILIP JOHN BUTLER, 63 24 2 mo. 1890  
*Barnstaple.* Late of De Beauvoir Road,  
London.

ISABELLA CALDWELL, 71 5 11 mo. 1889  
*Westhoughton.* Wife of James Caldwell.

SARAH JANE CARSON, 59 26 5 mo. 1890  
*Liverpool.* Wife of Joseph Carson.

ANTHONY CASSON, 75 17 12 mo. 1889  
*Ulverstone.*

JOHN AUBREY CLARK, 64 4 8 mo. 1890  
*Street, Somerset.*

JOHN FLETCHER CLARK, 18 23 6 mo. 1890  
*Worcester.* Son of Joseph D. and Elizabeth  
F. Clark.

THOMAS EDMUND CLARK, 31 12 3 mo. 1890  
*Halstead.* Son of Stephen and the late Isa-  
bella Clark, of Manchester.



JAMES CLEMO, <i>East Looe, Cornwall.</i>	78	18	3 mo.	1890
EDWARD CLIBBORN, <i>Waterford.</i>	68	8	10 mo.	1889
WILLIAM CLIBBORN, <i>Belfast.</i>	67	6	4 mo.	1890
WILLIAM CLIBBORN, <i>Birkenhead.</i>	54	8	6 mo.	1890
JOHN CLIPSTON, <i>Leicester.</i>	76	11	7 mo.	1890
SARAH ANN CONING, <i>Stockton-on-Tees.</i> Wife of John Coning.	38	20	2 mo.	1890
PHÆBE COOKE, <i>Battersea.</i> A Minister. Widow of James Cooke.	79	23	2 mo.	1890
MARTHA CORFIELD, <i>Bow, London.</i>	70	20	12 mo.	1889
ANN CRAGG, <i>Lancaster.</i> Wife of David Cragg.	75	27	9 mo.	1890
SARAH CROSSLEY, <i>Newton-in-Bowland.</i>	30	1	3 mo.	1890
HENRY CURTIS, <i>Camden Town, London.</i>	85	4	1 mo.	1890
PHILIP DARBYSHIRE, <i>Fritchley, Derbyshire.</i> Formerly of Harrogate.	73	14	11 mo.	1889



SUSANNA DARBYSHIRE, 78 13 12 mo. 1889  
*Fritchley, Derbyshire.* Widow of Philip Darbyshire.

FRANCIS DAVIS, 83 24 5 mo. 1890  
*Enniscorthy.* A Minister.

Francis Davis was born at Enniscorthy in the year 1807. He lived at Clogheen, Co. Tipperary, with his grandmother, Margaret Grubb, up to the time he went, first to Newtown, and afterwards to Ballytore schools. In his young days he was of a very lively temperament, and even to the last few years of his life was full of energy and activity. His grandmother much amused some of her young friends by telling them, she “prayed that little Francis might become a minister;” but they lived to see her prayer answered. On leaving Ballytore School he returned to Enniscorthy, and continued to reside there until his death.

It is not known when he became a child of God, but he early showed strong conscientiousness; for he had not been long at business before, becoming convinced of the evil of the liquor traffic, then a branch of his father’s business, he refused to have anything to do with it, and in consequence it was given up.

Philanthropy in its various aspects always

claimed his sympathy. He was a member of the first total abstinence association of his native lace. For years he did not use sugar, so as not indirectly to encourage slavery. During the terrible famine in Ireland in 1847-8 he was most active in endeavouring to relieve the great distress existing everywhere around him; so much so, that his health broke down under the strain of seeing to the necessities of the poor by day, and the claims of his own business by night.

In the year 1840 he was united in marriage with Sarah Wilson, who proved to be a true helpmeet and sympathiser with him, in his various efforts, spiritual or temporal, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Their union lasted for a period of thirty-six years.

The loss of a child in 1846, through medical mismanagement, together with other circumstances, caused him to turn his attention to the administering of simple non-poisonous remedies to the sick poor; and from this time his ever-busy mind was occupied in trying to relieve the sick and suffering, many of whom came from long distances for medicine and advice. During the cholera visitation of 1848 he was the means of curing a large number of cases, no one whom he treated at the time being known to have

died from it, whilst it was fearfully fatal under the ordinary medical treatment. It has been said of him that he was like the Master, and “went about doing good.”

He never seemed to forget that he was not his own, endeavouring to carry out, as fully as he knew how, the injunction—“Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” Nothing was so trivial as to escape this test; so much so, that even his failings were sometimes due to a mistaken application of this rule.

In 1851 he was acknowledged a minister by his Monthly Meeting. He occasionally visited with a minute the various meetings in Ireland. During the latter years of his life he was greatly interested in evangelistic work at home, and, chiefly through his means, a little united service was held twice each week, where often he would tell of the Lord's goodness and love and willingness to save. In this little effort he had the joy of knowing that his labour was blessed. He was strongly convinced that the neglect by many in the past, of the Holy Scriptures, and their consequent ignorance of the truths contained therein, was a great cause of the decline in the religious life of the Society, and for years

he felt it right to read portions of Scripture in meetings for worship.

For nearly two years his health was failing, though his faculties and judgment seemed still to be as clear as ever. An attack of influenza greatly reduced his strength, and for seventeen days he was confined to bed before being permitted to enter the presence of his Lord. The last time he walked upstairs it was with very great difficulty, and, while resting before he lay down, he said, "I would have liked to have lived a little longer; there are several persons very much on my mind I would like to speak to; my work does not seem quite done." Being reminded that the Lord could speak to them directly, he quickly replied, "Oh! He does not need us at all."

Realising that eternity was near, he said he felt unworthy to enter heaven, he had been so unfaithful; and became much distressed. On being left alone that he might sleep, it seemed as if the words were spoken to him, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee;" and he was comforted. During his remaining days, when tempted to look at himself and his unworthiness, he rested on this word.

At one time he said, "Tell everyone I die



trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in nothing else." When asked if he would like to be read to, he would say, "Read a psalm of thanksgiving and praise." He dictated, with great difficulty and at various times, sundry messages to Friends and others, some of which have been printed and circulated by his Quarterly Meeting instead of the usual "Testimony," for, at his special request, none was written. Holding a very humble view of himself, he was much distressed at the remembrance of lost opportunities, saying, "It is an awful thing to lose opportunities God has given." To others he had seemed to be ever diligent in word and work. Near the end, and seeing he was sinking, some one repeated to him, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." He was greatly pleased, and repeated twice over, "The Master is come, and calleth for *me*. Amen, Amen."

Being turned that he might get rest, he said, "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." He then slept for some hours, when he suddenly awoke, and said, "Oh! surpassing ——." Being asked what was surpassing, he replied, "Joy, joy." Later on, he said, "Heaven is not far away;" and on the morning of Fifth month 24th he gently fell asleep in Jesus."



HAROLD DAVY, *Sheffield*. 25 21 12 mo. 1889

Son of Henry Davy.

SARAH DELL, 80 8 3 mo. 1890

*Redland, Bristol*. Widow of Barton Dell.

JONAH DIXON, 79 24 2 mo. 1890

*Todal, near Pardshaw*.

MARY ANN DIXON, 72 26 9 mo. 1889

*Staindrop*. Widow of John Dixon.

MABEL DOCWRA, 15 19 8 mo. 1890

*Cheltenham*. Daughter of George and Kezia Docwra.

ANN JANE DOUGHTY, 62 4 1 mo. 1890

*York*. Wife of Henry Doughty.

ELLEN DUDLEY, 71 2 6 mo. 1890

*Sheffield*. Widow of Guilford Dudley.

MARY DUDLEY, 85 12 1 mo. 1890

*Farncombe, near Godalming*.

ROBERT DUDLEY, 77 5 2 mo. 1890

*Birmingham*.

ANN DYSON, 87 9 2 mo. 1890

*The Hague, near Chesterfield*. Widow of William Dyson, late of Leeds.

JOSEPH DYSON, *Leeds*. 72 6 7 mo. 1890

SARAH JANE ELLIOTT, 43 29 4 mo. 1890

*Southampton*.

EMMA ELLIS, *Leicester*. 80 2 1 mo. 1890

An Elder. Widow of Edward Shipley Ellis.

FRANCIS JOSEPH ELLIS,	19	3	6 mo.	1890	<i>Stoneleigh, Knighton, Leicester.</i> Son of the late Joseph Henry Ellis.
GEORGE EMMOTT,	92	7	1 mo.	1890	<i>Disley, near Stockport.</i>
MARY FARDON, <i>Reading.</i>	82	4	6 mo.	1890	Widow of John Fardon.
THOMAS FARDON,	48	21	7 mo.	1890	<i>Luton.</i>
SARAH ANN FARDON,	44	16	8 mo.	1890	<i>Luton.</i> Widow of Thomas Fardon.
ANN FERON,	72	1	7 mo.	1890	<i>Cockermouth.</i> An Elder. Widow of Isaac Feron.
ROBERT WILSON FORSTER,	65	8	12 mo.	1889	<i>Gateshead.</i>
JOHN FREEM,	56	1	9 mo.	1890	<i>Kingsdown, Bristol.</i>
WILLIAM GARDNER,	54	5	11 mo.	1889	<i>Preston.</i>
THOMAS GEE,	73	8	5 mo.	1890	<i>Hyde, Cheshire.</i>
ELIZABETH GIBSON,	68	6	3 mo.	1890	<i>Saffron Walden.</i> Widow of George Stacey Gibson.
JOHN GILLETT,	70	18	7 mo.	1890	<i>Rockhampton, near Ross, Herefordshire.</i>

ELIZABETH GLENNY,	15	23	3 mo.	1890
<i>Bucklands, Hawick.</i> Daughter of James and Georgiana Glenny.				
MORTIMER GLYNN,	71	14	11 mo.	1889
<i>Ranelagh, Dublin.</i>				
CATHERINE GOODBODY,	61	9	7 mo.	1890
<i>Clara, King's County.</i> Widow of Lewis Goodbody.				
JAMES GOVEY,	66	22	12 mo.	1889
<i>Fulham.</i>				
FRANCES GRAVELEY,	70	12	11 mo.	1889
<i>Wellingborough.</i> Wife of Frederic Graveley.				
ARTHUR GRAY,	39	21	4 mo.	1890
<i>Leytonstone.</i>				
HENRIETTA GREEN,	39	24	5 mo.	1890
<i>Stanstead, Essex; and Hankow, China.</i> A Minister.				
JOSEPH GREEN, <i>Chester.</i>	64	5	3 mo.	1890
MARIA GREGORY,	70	1	11 mo.	1889
<i>Weston-super-Mare.</i> Wife of Frederick Gregory.				
SOPHIA GREGORY,	72	18	6 mo.	1890
<i>Yatton, Somerset.</i>				
ISABELLA GRUBB,	54	13	8 mo.	1890
<i>Bray, County Wicklow.</i>				
WILLIAM GUY,	62	2	5 mo.	1890
<i>Bradford, Yorkshire.</i>				

- ANNE HADDOCK, 70 6 7 mo. 1890  
*Bray, County Wicklow.*
- ISABELLA HANDLEY, 76 25 5 mo. 1890  
*Brigflatts, Sedbergh.* Widow of Thomas Handley, of Northwaite.
- EMILY HARLOCK, 60 15 2 mo. 1890  
*Nantwich.* Wife of George Harlock.
- MARY ANN HALL, 66 16 9 mo. 1890  
*Farringdon Road, London.* Widow of William Hall.
- EDITH J. E. HARRIS, 19 7 12 mo. 1889  
*Kingston-on-Thames.* Daughter of John and Mary Ann E. Harris.
- ELSIE MAY HARRIS, 7 2 8 mo. 1889  
*St. Mullins, County Carlow.* Daughter of Alfred James and Mary Ann Harris.
- EUSTACE HARRIS, 91 10 3 mo. 1890  
*Waterford.*
- LUCY HARRIS, *Calne.* 77 22 3 mo. 1890  
 A Minister. Widow of John Harris.
- JOHN BARCROFT HAUGHTON,  
*Rockspring, Cork.* 77 1 1 mo. 1890
- JAMES HAYDOCK, 92 12 3 mo. 1890  
*Cornamercle, County Tyrone.*
- SARAH HICKS, 92 9 1 mo. 1890  
*Stanstead Montfitchet.* A Minister. Widow of Charles Hicks.

Sarah Hicks was the second daughter of Joseph and Sarah Smith, and was born at Stebbing, in the county of Essex, on the 27th of Twelfth month, 1797; but, as her parents soon removed to Great Bardfield, in the same county, most of her early life was spent there.

Born nearly a century ago it would not have been surprising had she retained some early prejudices; but in her case, though remaining through life a consistent and greatly attached member of the Society of Friends, her mind grew with her years, and expanded in Christian love and charity for all. She was of a lively disposition, and possessed great intelligence, and earnestly desired to serve her Heavenly Father faithfully, and to be preserved from letting her affections cling too much to things of this life; at the same time thinking it right to cultivate her mind, by reading, study, and intercourse with others.

During her long life she was in the habit of recording her thoughts and feelings, and events of importance. In 1818 she speaks of her many temptations, and prays that her nature may be more susceptible to the will of God; and in 1820 she speaks of desiring to encourage a daily retrospect, a momentary watchfulness, that no.



uneasiness may arise from having abused the precious gift of time ; and “ to preserve a close walk with God.”

In her service for the Church Sarah Hicks will long be remembered. She first spoke as a Minister in 1823, and writes :—“ Very precious was the covering of my spirit when I was first led to open my mouth in the gatherings of the Lord’s people, and though overwhelmed by the deep awfulness of such a weighty beginning, yet the income of peace which flowed in as a river, after having expressed a few words on ‘Despise not the day of small things,’ felt as a token of acceptance from a gracious God.” She was acknowledged as a Minister by Thaxted Monthly Meeting in 1828 ; but previous to this she accompanied her aged friend Elizabeth Dell, in visiting the meetings and families in her own Monthly Meeting.

Throughout the long course of her ministry her frequent communications were sound and lively testimonies to the efficacy of the atonement, and her constant theme was the mercy and love of God in Christ Jesus. Whilst always taking a humble view of her spiritual attainments, it was the privilege of our dear friend to be able continually to adopt the language of

encouragement, especially to her younger friends.

In 1821 she writes :—" It is my wish that I may not let one day pass without reading a portion of the Scriptures, and pausing, in order to review my daily conduct, and that, morning and evening, my heart may wait upon the Lord ;" and during her long life this was her constant practice.

In 1835 she was married to Charles Hicks, of Stanstead, and this union continued unbroken for fifty years. As a wife and mother, and in her intercourse with her numerous relations and friends, whether members of the Society or not, it was her earnest desire to fulfil her duties aright. In her social life she was greatly beloved, and her innate brightness and cheerfulness of character, her loving sympathy with young and old, and the possession of a charity that thinketh no evil, coupled with a constant desire to promote the temporal and spiritual well-being of her fellow-creatures, will long be remembered.

In 1838 she writes : — " Oh ! gracious Heavenly Father, grant that my clothing may be the spirit of meekness and love ; assist me in the performance of the various duties which devolve

upon me, that I may not be a stumbling-block to any: increase, if it please Thee, a right solicitude in my heart for the religious growth of those around me, and enable me in my daily walk to be an example of meekness and humility.

Taking a very great interest in the welfare of her own religious body and its early history, Sarah Hicks loved to read and ponder over the lives of the early Friends; and when in later life she was not able to read much herself, she was never tired of having them read to her.

From early life, when she had helped her father to teach an evening school, she was much interested in the education of the people; and in the abolition of slavery, and in the work of the Bible Society, she took an active share; and, though it was much in the cross that she called at the houses of others in promotion of these causes, yet, if the time thus appropriated tended in the least degree to the benefit of her fellow-creatures, she earnestly desired to be willing to do all in her power, depending on the alone source of good for guidance, that no harm might be done in word or deed. The Temperance movement was one in which her heart was much engaged from almost its commencement, herself

signing the pledge when a young girl, as an encouragement to a poor man to do so. At one time after her marriage when there had been a sad death in the village, caused by drink, she had a little tract printed and carried it herself to nearly every house.

Sarah Hicks many times left home on religious visits to different parts of England; she spent a considerable time in 1847 in visiting the Friends in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the meetings in Scotland, soon afterwards going into Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire, and the Channel Islands. In 1856 she went with certificate into Yorkshire, and in 1859 she visited the meetings in Herefordshire, Worcestershire, and Wales.

Although Sarah Hicks thus felt her mind drawn to other Quarterly Meetings, she was not unmindful of her own; for at three different times she visited all the meetings and nearly every family of Friends in Essex Quarterly Meeting. In her social visits, as well as when travelling with certificate, it was her frequent practice to ask for a few moments of silence, and to address her friends, whether few or many, in loving exhortation, or to bend the knee in prayer or praise.



It was very beautiful to see how her Christian character brightened, and her joy and peace increased, as old age came upon her. She was in no common degree zealous in her attendance of meetings, both for worship and discipline, often in later years when apparently physically unfit to do so ; and it was her constant endeavour to use the time devoted to the worship of God to His praise and glory ; and the sense of the favour extended to her at these times was apparent to her fellow-worshippers, to their deep instruction and comfort.

In 1872, when in her seventy-sixth year, Sarah Hicks wrote :—"I wish to record the sense I feel of the many blessings and mercies received, especially respecting our health. As regards myself, I think I have not missed the attendance this year of one of our usual meetings, excepting one afternoon and one evening, and all the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings during the year, and the Yearly Meeting too, and have greatly enjoyed the privilege of mingling with dear friends."

This comparative good health and vigour of mind and brightness of spirit continued, whilst her husband became more feeble. In 1879, she writes of them both being in their eighty-third



year, adding, "I pray that we may be able to hold on and be more earnest that we may not become supine, shut up in ourselves, forgetful of our responsibilities, lukewarm and half-hearted: rather let watchfulness and prayerfulness be ours, that the few remaining days may be bright days to us, and that we may indeed be favoured to know our life's evening lighted up brightly at evening time through the radiance of the Sun of Righteousness shining upon us."

Four years afterwards she writes:—"The query seems to come, why should we be spared when so many of our juniors are taken? I wish for myself, and all dear ones, that we may be alive to the great realities and responsibilities of daily life, and endeavour more than anything else to live near in spirit to the Lord, asking His help and guidance, and ability to do the right thing and to say the right word at all times to every one.

In 1884 Sarah Hicks writes:—"We seem to have abounding blessings which demand our thankfulness; eighty-seven is a great age to have attained and to be, as we are, able still to do much for ourselves, and preserved from suffering and pain; I hope, though we keep much

at home, we shall endeavour to thank and praise the Lord continually for His goodness to us.

Sarah Hicks outlived her husband about four years, her physical powers somewhat giving way, but bright in spirit, and still maintaining her interest in her many friends, and keeping up a considerable correspondence, though always with the feeling of the uncertainty of time. Nearly all reference to the future, even when only to the next day, having "If I am here then" added. Her weekly letter to her sister ceased only when a fall and a consequent broken hip confined her to bed.

She lived after this accident about three weeks, until just after her ninety-second birthday; often suffering great pain, but beautifully patient and always full of praise and prayer.

She desired her love to all her friends, and wished that they might be told that she was very sensible of many mercies, saying, "I mean many mercies in this cup, though it is a very great privation and considerable suffering, but I have every comfort. Oh! my kind Heavenly Father, let Thy will be done in me and through me, and give me patience; this pain is only bodily, but I can make it mental by any impatience, Oh! my gracious Heavenly Father,

be pleased to give me a little ease, if it be Thy blessed will; if not, give me patience." Day after day, as she lingered on to the surprise of herself and those about her, she spent much time in vocal prayer and praise, or in repeating hymns, which she did most correctly; often being heard to say, "Oh! gracious Heavenly Father, be with me if I live through another night, and if not, let me be with Thee."

"To Jesus the Crown of my hope  
My soul is in haste to be gone.  
Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to His Throne,"

was the beginning of her favourite hymn, and one which she frequently repeated; saying, Oh! I do long for the time when I shall fly away and be with Him, but it will be in His own good time." Then, turning at once into what was more like conversation with God than prayer, she said, "I feel thankful to Thee, my kind Heavenly Father, for being with me, and I hope Thou wilt be with me if I am here, and if not, that I may be with Thee; I hope it may be so. Gracious Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for Thy great kindness to me. Oh, help me to trust and not be afraid. Help me to do Thy will on earth, as it is done in Heaven; I hope I shall soon be with Thee, dear Lord, but I do not know what

for ; His great mercy and love weigh me down with gratitude."

S. H. continued full of communion with her Heavenly Father, until about two days before her death, when she lost consciousness of earthly things, and very quietly departed this life, to be with Him whom she had endeavoured faithfully to serve, on First month 9th, 1890, aged ninety-two years.

PRISCILLA HILLS,                75    4    1 mo. 1890  
*Sunderland.* Widow of James Hills.

SARAH HILTON,                90    21    7 mo. 1890  
*Brighton.* Widow of John Hilton.

HENRY HIPSLEY,                79    20    10 mo. 1889  
*Finsbury Park, London.* A Minister.

Henry Hipsley was the son of John and Mabel Hipsley, of Kingston-upon-Hull, and the youngest grandchild of the venerable William Tuke, of York, who died in 1822 at the advanced age of 91 years.

He was born on the 27th of Eighth month, 1810, and was educated at Kendal School, Samuel Marshall being then its Superintendent. About a year after leaving school, he entered the establishment of Tuke & Company, at York, in which city he had many social and religious advantages. From one of his memoranda, it appears that he looked upon a certain day in



1836 as his spiritual birthday, and he was accustomed to note its anniversaries with much solemnity and self-examination.

Brought up by his parents in the practice of reading the Holy Scriptures, and of committing portions of them to memory, he imbibed from childhood a great reverence for the Bible, and for things of a serious nature. Trained also in the regular attendance of religious meetings, this continued to be his life-long custom, and he was looked upon amongst his acquaintances, even in his early life, as an example of upright conduct and character, though himself deeply feeling the need of repentance for sin, and of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Redeemer.

He resided in York till 1837, when, on account of his father's failing health, he felt it to be his filial duty to forego the prospects he had in the business there, and to return to Hull to assist him.

In 1839 he married M. A. Sanderson, of Hull, but their happy union was of short duration, as she died in 1844, leaving him with two infant children. He thereupon went to reside with his parents, his sister taking the charge of his children.

He took great interest in the religious and philanthropic institutions of Hull, and was an



active member of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as well as of other societies tending to promote the moral and religious welfare of his fellow-townsmen.

In 1849 he was united in marriage to Caroline, daughter of William Dent, of Marr, near Doncaster. In the following year he again became connected with the firm of Tuke & Co., and this necessitated his residence in London; but in 1852 he returned to York to undertake the management of the firm's tea business in their old premises in Castlegate.

Whilst in York he lost his elder son, a promising boy of twelve years of age. This sore affliction was, we believe, blessed to him, in the enlargement of his religious experience, and in increasing his devotedness to his Saviour. It was in 1855 that he first spoke in a meeting for worship, and he was recorded as a Minister by York Monthly Meeting in 1858. In 1861 he was liberated to hold meetings, in company with another Friend, in some of the poorest districts of the city of York. In the following year he retired from business, and with the concurrence of his friends, united with his friend Russell Jeffrey in a religious visit to India; William Brewin also accompanying them as travelling

companion. They journeyed in that land from station to station of the various Protestant missionaries of nearly every denomination, being warmly received, and their visits greatly appreciated, holding many religious meetings with soldiers and natives, as well as with other English-speaking people, preaching the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. This service occupied our friends nearly two years. It was a deeply interesting and exercising time, on which Henry Hipsley always looked back with feelings of much thankfulness. The cause of missions to India was ever afterwards very near his heart.

In 1866-7 he visited with certificate most of the country meetings in the north of Yorkshire, and some in the county of Durham; and in 1870 he visited all the meetings in Hardshaw East and West Monthly Meetings, as well as the meetings of Lancaster and Preston.

In 1871 he removed to London, and resided near his children, in the enjoyment of their society, and with the pleasure of having his grandchildren about him. Here also he was engaged in divers ministries in the cause of his Lord and Saviour.

In 1888 his health began to fail, and he spent several weeks, towards the close of the

year, at Torquay, and again in the early part of 1889. This was a great refreshment to him physically and spiritually.

In Ninth month, 1889, he became more decidedly ill, and frequently said he believed his work here was done. He seemed only to be waiting for the time when his Lord should be pleased to call him home. The last four weeks of his life, when he was confined to bed; were passed in much weakness and suffering, which precluded any opportunity for religious conversation; but from time to time he would repeat a text, or give utterance to an expression, such as, "Our only hope;" "Keep close to Jesus, that is the only safety;" showing that, though flesh and heart were failing, his soul was anchored on the one sure foundation. On the morning of the 20th of Tenth month, 1889, he peacefully breathed his last.

Henry Hipsley's delight was to be engaged in the service of his Divine Master, and he was diligent in preaching the Gospel in its simplicity and power, endeavouring to lead sinners to Jesus, who died for our sins and rose again for our justification, the one only Saviour, our Advocate with the Father, and whose blood shed on the cross is the atonement for our sins.

“The unsearchable riches of Christ” was a text often on his lips. His ministry was marked by deep Christian feeling; often eloquent and even poetic in style, though perhaps his natural gifts in this way were more conspicuous in addresses not strictly in the line of the ministry, and in which therefore he allowed a little free play in his powers of poetic imagination. Such addresses he often gave at Missionary or at Biblical meetings. More than one friend who heard him at meetings of the Friends’ Foreign Mission Association bear witness to the fervour and beauty of his addresses there. “And yet,” says a friend who knew him well, “I hardly know whether the eloquence of his style was ever more conspicuous than in some of his sermons or addresses in meetings for discipline, specially perhaps in those on Ministry and Oversight, when he was roused by what he thought indications of unsound doctrine, or defections from the faith.”

His truthfulness and independence of mind were striking features of his character, and gave him the courage of his convictions, whether these were shared by others or not. “There were times,” says a friend in writing of him, “when he was setting forth the glory of the



cross of Christ and His sacrifice, when his own intense reverence and tender admiration could hardly fail to stir up answering feelings in the hearts of his hearers."

"Last First-day morning," writes a friend who was present, "he gave us such a striking sermon! It seemed like an old veteran at the close of the battle, recounting the perils of the fight, warning those yet in its midst, of its dangers:—'Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil goeth about seeking whom he may devour;' but telling of the Deliverer who could and would deliver, as they trusted in Him and kept upon the watch-tower."

Henry Hipsley knew in whom he believed, and whose cause he advocated. And the rich reward, of which he so often spoke, is now granted to him—"To be for ever with the Lord."

EDGAR HOLMES, 15 mos. 5 7 mo. 1890  
*Middlesborough.* Son of Frederick and Jane E. Holmes.

CHARLES HOLMES, 18 mos. 26 7 mo. 1890  
*Middlesborough.* Son of John and Eleanor Holmes.

PHILLIS H. HOLMES, 5 19 12 mo. 1889  
*Finsbury Park, London.* Daughter of Leonard W. and Edith B. Holmes.



SARAH JANE HOPKINS,	57	16	1 mo.	1890
<i>Malton.</i> Wife of Thomas Hopkins.				
ANNIE MARIA HULL,	68	15	4 mo.	1890
<i>Uxbridge.</i> Widow of William Hull.				
THOMAS HUGHES,	76	4	6 mo.	1890
<i>Harold's Cross, Dublin.</i>				
EDWARD HYATT,	84	25	4 mo.	1890
<i>Castle Donnington.</i>				
GEORGE JACKSON,	72	20	11 mo.	1889
<i>Cumberworth, near Highflatts.</i>				
RICHARD JACKSON,	59	31	10 mo.	1889
<i>Garstang.</i>				
THOMAS JACKSON,	83	3	9 mo.	1890
<i>Belfast.</i>				
CHARLOTTE JAMES,	84	9	3 mo.	1890
<i>Woodside, Plymouth.</i> An Elder. Widow of Edward James.				

This beloved Friend was the daughter of William and Mary Collier, of Plymouth, and the widow of Edward James, of the same town.

Her childhood and youth were bright and full of innocent enjoyment, which was enhanced by the companionship of her father, whose cultivated and thoughtful mind left a deep impression upon that of his daughter.

Many of her early years were spent in part

in the country with her parents and sisters ; and the appreciation of nature and love of gardening, which were marked features in her character, were thus fostered and developed.

As she grew older, she formed one of a circle of Friends, attractive for wit, talent and culture ; and her bright intellect, her liveliness, and her conversational powers, made her a general favourite.

Her uncle, John Collier, had married outside of the Society of Friends, and, at the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, he was returned to Parliament as one of the members for Plymouth. At his house she met a great deal of company, and society offered varied attractions to her eminently social nature. She always preserved, however, her attachment to the simple habits and faith of the Church of her fathers ; and she was a Friend by deliberate conviction as well as by birth.

Brought up under religious influences, the light of eternal life in Christ Jesus seems to have gradually dawned upon her heart. She always took a humble view of her own religious attainments ; but those around her could not fail to take knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus. Her character was marked by

strength and sweetness, and, through Divine grace, she was permitted to be a "succourer of many."

In 1836 she became the wife of Edward James, of Plymouth. In him she found a most congenial spirit, and their married life was a particularly happy and united one. Beginning her ministries in her own home, as a wife, mother and mistress, her warm sympathies passed far beyond its limits. And her husband's workpeople and their families, as well as many others, shared in her kindly care. Nor was it only in temporal things that her ready aid was given; for she took a deep interest in the welfare of the souls of those with whom she came in contact, and sought to lead them in the way of life.

Edward James was a valued Elder of Plymouth Meeting, and, as years went on, his wife's sound judgment and great powers of sympathy were also officially recognised by Friends; and she was appointed first to fill the office of Overseer, and subsequently that of Elder. She spent her time and strength ungrudgingly in the service of the Church; and she was a truly helpful counsellor to young people, and to those called to the ministry.

Edward and Charlotte James had always a welcome for their friends, and they took an especial pleasure in the privilege, which was often theirs, of receiving into their home Friends who were travelling in religious service. They filled also a useful place in giving a healthy religious and intellectual tone to the social intercourse in which they took a leading part.

Charlotte James has been spoken of as a "model mistress," and her servants loved and honoured her; whilst the willing and faithful service which they rendered was appreciated and valued by her. One aged servant and Friend died in her house after having lived with her for forty-nine years.

In 1870 her beloved husband was removed by death, after a very brief illness, in the midst of a life of Christian activity and usefulness. His loss was widely felt, and, to his wife, the parting after a union of thirty-four years, almost ideal in its completeness, was unspeakably sorrowful. This great grief did not prevent her from continuing the kindly ministrations to her family and others around her, in which she had formerly had the support and sympathy of her husband; and she became the beloved centre of a large circle of children and grand-

children who truly could "rise up and call her blessed."

As years passed on, her health gradually became seriously impaired; her sight was greatly affected; and by degrees she was withdrawn from active life.

During the last three or four years, she was called to bear a large share of acute pain, as well as much weariness and weakness; but help sufficient for the day was mercifully given. Her patience and submission to the Divine will were exemplary; and, at times, her cheerfulness would flash out in the midst of suffering.

On the 5th of Third month, she had an attack of paralysis, and there was little ability for speech during her short illness. From the few words that she spoke, however, it was evident that she felt her Saviour to be very precious, and that she was looking joyfully onward to her heavenly home.

She peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on the 9th of Third month, 1890, aged nearly eighty-five years.

EDWARD WEST JESPER, 25 21 4 mo. 1890  
*Levens, near Kendal.* Son of Alfred and Rebecca Jesper.

JOSEPH JESPER, 84 6 3 mo. 1890  
*Freckleton, near Preston.* A Minister.



JOSIAH JOHNSON,	52	27	8 mo.	1890
<i>Drumilly, Richhill.</i>				
CATHARINE JOHNSTONE,	62	21	6 mo.	1890
<i>Derramore, Bessbrook.</i>				
CHARLES JONES,	75	4	10 mo.	1889
<i>Newport, Isle of Wight.</i>				
JANE JOSE,	87	6	12 mo.	1889
<i>Tywardreath, near St. Austell, Cornwall</i>				
Widow of Jonathan Jose.				
ANNE KELLY, <i>Armagh.</i>	85	14	7 mo.	1890
RUTH KIDD, <i>Penrith.</i>	27	10	10 mo.	1889
Wife of John Kidd.				
ARTHUR KNIGHT,	23	26	1 mo.	1890
<i>Woodside, near Polegate, Sussex.</i> Son of				
Hannah and the late John Messer Knight.				
JOHN LAMB,	80	14	5 mo.	1890
<i>Adderbury, near Banbury.</i>				
WILLIAM LAMB,	87	25	1 mo.	1890
<i>Adderbury.</i>				
ESTHER LATCHMORE,	78	3	11 mo.	1889
<i>Rawdon, near Leeds.</i> An Elder. Wife of				
Edward Latchmore.				

In preparing this little sketch we feel how E. Latchmore would have shrunk from the thought of such a notice of herself, for she could not bear to hear of anything being said that would savour of praise, being very conscious of

her own insufficiency. But it is with the desire to magnify the grace of God which through a long life shone forth in her daily walk, especially its sustaining power through years of intense suffering in which she was enabled to glorify Him.

Esther Latchmore was the daughter of John and Margaret Whiting, and was born at Hitchin in 1811. She was educated at Ackworth School, the time spent there being full of happy memories.

She resided at Hitchin until her marriage in 1840 with Edward Latchmore, who survives her after a most happy union of nearly fifty years. Naturally bright and joyous, she was a great favourite with her companions. One who remembers her then writes:—"She was one I greatly admired in my early days, her sprightly manners and affectionate heart were so attractive to me."

This power of attraction was a marked feature of her character. Her intense sympathy either in the joys or sorrows of all with whom she came in contact, making them for a time her own, made her the friend of all.

The first years of her married life were spent at Peckham, where her three children were

born. The influence of the Christian wife and mother were very evident in the happy home there.

In 1856 the family removed to Leeds, where she became the mistress of a large household, with many young men under her care. These can testify to her gentle loving influence watching over them with a true mother's heart. It was here she was called to part with her eldest daughter Edith, a lovely girl of much promise of seventeen, who, after a few days' illness, was taken to her heavenly home. This trial was borne with humble resignation, and as the dear one passed away the mother repeated the lines,

“ For all we thank Thee,  
Most for the severe.”

Esther Latchmore was much valued as an Overseer and Elder. In the former office she found a welcome in many homes, and proved a friend in need to weary, troubled hearts. No one ever appealed to her in vain. Her sympathy was shown in many acts of practical kindness, always given with delicacy and thoughtfulness. Frank (Rasoamanana), who is now such a valued missionary in Madagascar, had his home for some months with Edward and Esther Latchmore. E. L. acted towards him a mother's

art. She nursed him through a long and most trying illness with tender care, and he very gratefully looks back to his English home. He writes:—"It was with a feeling of very deep regret that we received the news of the death of our dear English mother. I can scarcely describe to you the feeling of my heart when I recall the time that I was at Ridge Mount, and that, humanly speaking, I owe my life to her kindness; and not only my life, but I am what I am through her kind and motherly counsels, many of which I still remember very well, and hope never to forget up to my death. And all her different kindnesses will always be remembered by many. She *said* very little, but *acted* a good deal. She served the Lord with all her heart and soul. She loved God and loved His people, and we feel sure that she died in the Lord, and has now obtained her reward."

Upon her husband retiring from commercial life in Leeds in 1878, they removed to Rawdon, where she became a wise friend and counsellor in the interests of the school there, and also to the Friends of that meeting.

She soon showed symptoms of rheumatism, which gradually increased until nearly every joint was affected by it; and for years she was

entirely helpless and often suffering excruciating pain. Everything was tried in the way of alleviation, but with little avail.

After some fruitless effort for a change of bed or other contrivance which had caused much increase of suffering, it was touching to see the patient resignation, in her disappointed hopes of relief, to struggle on as before.

Never was there a more patient sufferer. No murmur ever escaped her lips. When others could hardly bear to witness what she had to pass through, in moments of comparative ease she was always bright and cheerful, entering into the concerns and interests of all around her. Hers was no gloomy sick-room. The flowers she so much loved were always there. Little children enjoyed being with her. Many friends felt it no small privilege to visit her, and went away with their faith strengthened in the power which could so sustain in nature's deepest suffering.

One who saw her a few months before her death writes:—"The memory of the little visit it was my privilege to pay you in the autumn will *never* be forgotten, and I shall always retain a very clear and beautiful memory of the loveliness of a Christian face made perfect through



suffering, and shining with peace and rest. It was more to me than any sermon, and I am thankful to have seen it."

And there were other trials besides those of bodily affliction all so meekly borne. Our dear one was indeed in the furnace, but "one like unto the Son of God" was with her there.

On the 1st of Second month, 1890, she was taken worse, and we saw the end was near. It was said to her, "Thou art about to see the King in His glory!" she answered, "I hope so." The reply was made, "Not *hope*, but *sure*; and there will be so many loved ones to welcome thee; dear Edith, will be there."

At the mention of that name a flash of memory took back the dying mother to that death-bed scene, and, using the same words as her darling child, she said, "I can say, 'Christ is precious.'"

These were almost her last words, and after a few hours of slumber, from which she was once roused to say farewell to her dear husband, looking at him with a bright smile, as if she wished him to know she was quite happy, she peacefully passed away from earth into the presence of her God and Saviour.

"It is enough, earth's troubles now have ceased,  
And Jesus called her to Heaven's perfect peace."

ELIZA LAY, *Stourbridge*. 90 14 5 mo. 1890

Widow of Thomas Lay.

HENRY LEA, 67 20 1 mo. 1890

*Hollington, Reading*. A Minister.

Henry Lea was born on the 18th of Twelfth month, 1822, at Bradford, in Yorkshire, and was educated in the same place.

At an early age he evinced an active interest in political and public affairs, and when only fourteen years old addressed a meeting of factory operatives and others on a question of great local importance then before the town.

At about the age of eighteen he obtained employment with a firm of Friends in Belfast, interested in the wholesale grocery trade, remaining with them for some years; and many were the anecdotes he had to relate of his experiences in Ireland during this period, and of his interest in, and efforts to assist to a successful issue, the questions of vital importance which were then agitating the country.

In 1846 he removed to Liverpool and there made the acquaintance of William Isaac Palmer, with whom, until the day of his death, he maintained a close and uninterrupted friendship.

In the year 1848, at the invitation of W. I. Palmer, he came to Reading and took the position

traveller to the firm of Huntley & Palmer, which at that time had only been in operation a few years. With this firm he remained until his death, and used his energy and abilities to the utmost of his power, and with great success, forwarding their interests.

In 1851 he married Louisa, the eldest daughter of William and Elizabeth Claridge, and from this union resulted eight children.

Of domestic trials he had a full share, and the early deaths of four of his children, to whom he was tenderly attached, occasioned him much sorrow and distress, but, at the same time, brought him into deeper and closer sympathy with those of his friends who themselves had undergone similar trials and bereavements, and in their sympathy and support he found great comfort.

But the heaviest blow he was called upon to bear, was the death, at Birkenhead, in the spring of 1884, of his son Henry, from typhoid fever. The sudden ending of so young and promising a life brought very clearly home to him the uncertainty of all human hopes and aspirations; and though after a time his grief became less marked, yet those who knew him best were well aware that after that sad event took place

his life was less bright, and his spirits more easily depressed than before.

The time he spent at home was necessarily short, but he often remarked that the happiest hours of his life were spent there, surrounded by his wife and children. For their pleasure and happiness he was ever anxious, and no effort was wanting on his part to promote the well-being of those with whom he was so intimately connected.

With the numerous persons with whom in the course of his business career he came into contact, he was a general favourite, both for his genial manner and happy disposition, as well as for his great readiness to give advice and assistance in any matter brought before him, irrespective of any personal trouble such assistance might entail.

In the commercial rooms of hotels where a large portion of his life was spent, he was respected and beloved by all for his sterling qualities; and, his opinion carrying great weight on all business questions, his advice was often asked by, and as freely given to, the younger members of the class to which he was proud to belong.

His influence was ever exerted to suppress

the use of bad language, the abuse of intoxicating liquors, and conversation of a lowering character, from which causes arise many of the evils by which young commercial men are beset; his aim in the latter case being always to direct the conversation to subjects of general interest, and of an elevating tendency.

As a mark of the esteem in which he was held by commercial men, he was elected the first president of the "Commercial Travellers' Christian Association," on the formation of that body—an organisation in which he took a deep interest, and assisted to advance both with his time and money.

In Reading his life was an active one, as he was much interested in matters political and social. He was a fluent and convincing speaker, and was always ready to assist in carrying out any movement which he thought was calculated to improve the condition of his fellow-townsmen. For some years he was president of the Reading Liberal Association, and a member of the School Board.

His connection with the Society of Friends of which he was a Minister, was one which he valued highly, and his belief in the correctness



of their views was most sincere. Personally, he was very broad in all matters of religious thought and opinion; and, though very steadfast in upholding his own views, yet he was ever ready to admit that others might be equally right with himself, believing, as he did, “tot homines quot sententiæ.”

His was a many-sided life, full of activity and energy both of body and mind, hating cant, and never failing to let his opinion be known about it; but, at the same time, overflowing with kindly sympathy and thought for those less fortunately or happily placed than himself, and ever ready both by word and deed to help those in trouble and distress.

He left home on the morning of the 20th of First month, apparently in the best of health and spirits, for the Isle of Wight; but at about twelve o'clock a telegram was received stating that he had been taken ill at Southampton on board the steamer *Princess Beatrice*, about to leave for Cowes; and a further message arriving a few minutes later conveyed the news that he had peacefully passed away.

It appears from information gathered from the captain and passengers, that he came on board, greeted one or two people he knew, and

went straight to the saloon, where he sat down. A few moments afterwards a friend who had seen him crossing the deck came down, and, looking at him, saw that he was ill. The captain was at once called, and in a very few moments without a word or struggle, one who so short a time before appeared strong and well, was called from amongst us.

The end came suddenly, as he had always hoped it might do, and whilst he was in the full possession of mental and physical vigour, and we confidently believe that he was prepared to answer the call.

The interment took place at the Friends' burial ground, Church Street, Reading, on the 24th of First month, and was attended by a large gathering of Friends, and representatives from the various Associations and Societies with which he was connected.

JOSHUA LEES, 86 1 12 mo. 1889

*Deanhouse, near Wooldale.*

ELIZABETH LLOYD, 64 7 4 mo. 1890

*Carnan, near Penybont.* Wife of William Lloyd.

MARGARET BRIGHT LUCAS,

71 4 2 mo. 1890

*Bedford Square, Westminster.*

JOSEPH HENRY MALONE, 32      4      7 mo. 1890

*Manitoba.* Son of the late William Malone.

WILLIAM MARSH,                      69    19      6 mo. 1890

*Ashford, Kent.*

EDWARD WALLER MARTIN,

*Guildford.*                      78    13      7 mo. 1890

E. W. Martin was a life-long resident in the picturesque town of Guildford, where he carried on the business of chemist and druggist, into which he entered first as apprentice to his grandfather, Jesse Waller, and then as his successor. He was a sincerely attached member of the Society of Friends, very methodical in his habits, strictly conscientious, and a high standard of integrity marked his business transactions. He persistently refused to recommend across his counter drugs which he did not really believe to possess the virtues professed for them.

Friends have long been few in number in Guildford, so that W. E. Martin was thrown much into association with others, and, though of a quiet unassuming disposition, he occupied a place of not a little influence and of much usefulness amongst his fellow-townsmen, by whom he was highly esteemed. On two occasions he was asked to accept the mayoralty of the town, but declined the honour, unless he might

be excused from wearing any robe of office and from giving banquets, to which conditions it is needless perhaps to say his townsmen did not consent.

He was deeply interested in all things tending to promote education and intellectual progress, and the welfare of the working men; and the Mechanics' Institute, the Guildford Institute, and the Literary and Scientific Institution, all had his active co-operation; whilst for forty years he had acted as Treasurer of the Working Men's Institute, and laboured to promote its welfare.

E. W. Martin's health had failed for some considerable time, and for the last two months he was confined to his room, obliged both night and day to maintain a sitting posture. He bore his sufferings with much patience and fortitude, until the end came on the 13th of Seventh month, 1890.

HANNAH M. MATTHEWS, 92 13 5 mo. 1890  
*King's Heath, Birmingham.* Widow of John Matthews.

JOHN MATTHEWS, 80 12 12 mo. 1889  
*Wakes-Colne, Essex.*

UDITH MATTHEWS, 76 3 2 mo. 1889  
*Exeter.* Wife of William Matthews.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, 38 18 2 mo. 1890  
*Edinburgh.*

Alexander McKenzie was a Friend by true conviction, and after he was admitted into membership his convictions became yet deeper as to the spirituality of the principles of the Society, and he encouraged his wife and children to unite with him in the adoption of these principles. He was diligent in the attendance of meetings, and took interest in all matters connected with the Society. He was also much interested in the welfare of those around him, being connected with the Temperance and Vigilance Associations; also with the St. Andrew's Ambulance Society, having given the evenings of his working day to study, which would fit him to assist in those accidents or emergencies which so frequently occur among working men.

A long period of illness drew him away from these pursuits, in which he was so much interested, and then prevented his work for his family. But trying at this was, and painful as were his days and nights, yet he was always cheerful and full of faith, leaning on the Saviour whom he loved, and whom he felt to be present with him, sustaining him and enabling him to



leave his beloved wife and family in the belief that the Lord would provide.

His son Allan, who died just six months after his father, aged fifteen, was bright and energetic—one on whom his mother could rely. He was secretary to the Missionary Helpers' Union, and took a warm interest in its affairs; and he seemed full of promise for a useful life; and all the more, in that while yet apparently in good health, he had given his heart to his Saviour, and had made confession of his faith in Him. But shortly after his father's death, sickness laid its hand upon him, and very quickly death set its seal for this world on the young, bright, hopeful life. But only for this world; for his faith was firm in Him, through whom the eternal world of joy is opened. He said, in answer to his mother's anxious enquiry, "I have given myself to my Saviour, what more can I do?" She asked if he felt sure. He said he felt quite safe in Him; and his confidence never wavered to the end. Kindly and patient to the last he did not murmur when suffering much, only saying he hoped Jesus would take him soon. He was followed to the grave by a number of his friends and companions of the workshop, who all testified to the simple, pure example he had shown; and though he is much missed,

there is nothing but sweetness and satisfaction in the remembrance of dear Allan.

AUGUSTUS MEYERS,           35    4    2 mo. 1890  
*Kingstown, Dublin.* Son of the late John  
Meyers.

HARRIET MERRYWEATHER,  
*Tottenham.*               73   28   1 mo. 1890

HERBERT MILES,           18   31   5 mo. 1890  
*East Finchley.* Son of Edward and the late  
Catherine Miles.

JANE MOORHOUSE,           77    7  10 mo. 1890  
*Headingley, Leeds.* Widow of Samuel Moor-  
house.

MIRIAM MORGAN, *Bristol.* 81   17   12 mo. 1889  
Widow of Joseph Morgan, of Hereford.

WILLIAM MORRISON,       79   31   5 mo. 1890  
*Blackdog Farm, near Aberdeen.*

AGNES MORRISON,       77   14   5 mo. 1890  
*Blackdog Farm.* Wife of William Morrison.

MARGARET MORTON,       76   30   1 mo. 1890  
*Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

M. Morton was for more than forty years an invalid, and was therefore seldom able to attend meetings for worship, which she much regretted; but she often spoke of the precious times she was permitted to enjoy in the quiet of her own room, "when Jesus Himself drew near,"

strengthening her faith and enabling her to believe He *was* “*able* to keep that which she had committed unto Him.” The death of her beloved mother to whom she was devotedly attached, in 1853, left her alone in the world. To one of her loving disposition, this was a sorrow keenly felt; but He who “does not afflict willingly,” Himself healed the wound which His own loving hand had made, by pouring into her aching heart the balm of His Heavenly love, enabling her to realise that He was indeed “The Comforter.” She seemed one who eminently carried out the Apostle’s injunction, “Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.” Her loving sympathy drew many to her, who felt it to be a great privilege to be with her, to witness her bright and happy life, her great patience under suffering, which was at times intense, and her willingness to submit to her Heavenly Father’s will.

She took a deep interest in all religious work going on in the city, whether in connection with her own Society or other religious bodies, and was ever willing to help in any way she could.

The call at last came somewhat suddenly; she quietly fell asleep in Jesus on the 30th of

First month, 1890. We desire not to exalt the creature, but to magnify the grace which made her what she was, giving all the praise and glory to Him to whom it is alone due, and asking Him for strength to enable us to follow her as she followed Christ.

“ And when the Lord shall summon us  
Whom thou hast left behind,  
May we, untainted by the world,  
As sure a welcome find ;  
May each like thee depart in peace,  
To be a glorious guest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.”

PATRICK MURDOCH,            74   17   2 mo. 1890  
*Glasgow.*

MABEL NASH,                24   25   4 mo. 1890  
*Cartmel, near Grange-over-Sands.* Daughter  
of William R. and the late Mary Jane Nash.

Mabel Nash died of typhoid fever, at the Ida Home, Horsforth, near Leeds ; having gone to the Leeds Infirmary but a few weeks previously to be trained as a nurse. During her brief illness she was very trustful and patient. Her favourite quotation was, “ If I trust Him once, I must trust Him ever, and His way is best.”

ALICE NEAR, 22 8 1 mo. 1890  
*Lexden, near Colchester.* Daughter of Joseph  
 B. and Alice Near.

LUCY ODDIE, *Lancaster.* 71 18 2 mo. 1890  
 Widow of William Oddie.

DAN OSTLE, 91 11 8 mo. 1890  
*Cowgate, near Beckfoot.*

JOHN OSTLE, 61 7 5 mo. 1890  
*Cowper, near Beckfoot.* Son of Dan Ostle.

SARAH OSTLE, 54 11 5 mo. 1887  
*Cowgate, near Beckfoot.* Daughter of Dan Ostle.

ALFRED PALIAN, 80 2 6 mo. 1890  
*Lothersdale, near Skipton.* An Elder.

Alfred Palian, the son of Thomas and Ann Palian, was born at Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, the 2nd of Fourth month, 1811. Of very quiet and retiring disposition, he was little known beyond his own circle, but the welfare of the Society of which he was a member by birthright always lay near his heart.

The Temperance movement in its earliest days enlisted his sympathy, and for fifty years he was an earnest and consistent total abstainer. He was for many years Secretary of the Temperance Society at Gainsborough, and afterwards filled the same office for the Society at Lothersdale.



The growth of grace in his soul was especially marked in the latter part of his life, and it was comforting after his decease to hear the unsolicited testimony of persons not connected with the Society of Friends, that his quiet and consistent life had not been without its effect in the village.

Alfred Palian was one whose physical nature was never very robust ; and perhaps it was in measure due to this that the bent of his inner life was rather to dwell on a low and depressed view of himself and his spiritual standing. He had for many years kept memoranda, and these are often largely tinged with this tone of feeling. It is therefore the more striking that in his experience, to use an expression ("the end crowns all") on which he often dwelt, the end of life crowned all with a brightness which it often seemed as though he could not dare to hope for.

In Fourth month, 1847, he wrote :—"Thirty-six to day. Oh, what a clinging to earth, and what a weakness I feel with regard to the best things." Again, in 1849, he writes :—"I fear no growth in the truth ; truly my own strength is but weakness." Later on he says :—"I fear I am one of the weakest who is professing to fight

under the Christian banner ; truly my weakness is deplorable, but I must continue to look above for help. When shall I feel stronger in the best things ? Oh, that I were a better man ! ”

*Fourth month, 1855.*—“ What should I do if help were not laid upon One who is mighty ? It is a mercy that I am not consumed ; but mercy and goodness still follow me.”

*Fourth month 2nd, 1877.*—“ Time flies, but do I fly with it in the way I should go ? Alas for myself if there was no other source of strength : but everlasting praise be to the Author of all good, He has provided One whose arm is not shortened ; in *that* is my hope. Glorious consolation ! and O, what cause for gratitude ! ”

*Fourth month 2nd, 1879.*—“ O, what a poor creature I am ; as to myself weak, indeed ; if it were not for mercy and pardon, and the promise that “ He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,” what should I do ? O, for more faith. May my grain of faith increase, to my blessed Saviour’s praise.”

*Fourth month 2nd, 1881.*—“ My seventieth birthday. But O, my weakness and faithlessness remind me that ‘ in me dwelleth no good thing.’ And if I am permitted to enter that City where

anything that defileth cannot enter, it will indeed be *all* of mercy."

Again, he writes:—"Where is the growth of the truth in me?—weak, poor, and back-sliding more and more. How plain it is that all is of *mercy*; a mercy, we are told, that endureth for ever. Oh! what condescension and consideration for us poor sinners. May the Lord's name be praised for ever and for evermore."

*Second month 4th, 1886.*—"Three-quarters of a century old to-day; and oh! where am I as to the growth in grace? What a mercy that "where sin abounded, *grace* did much more abound." O, my weakness! How the enemy will frustrate true worship! I have an impression that he will allow you to frame even a spiritual address; but *true* silent worship, that grafting of one's own branch into the true Vine, which my poor capacity believes to be the true 'Holy Communion,' he hates."

*Fourth month 2nd, 1889.*—"Seventy-eight! Time is indeed on the wing. O, that I could have an assurance of safety. But again revives the thought that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, and His mercy endureth for ever.' "

His last illness was a long and trying one,

borne with great patience and submission; and most truly his end was peace. Two or three hours before his departure he seemed in ecstasy, longing to be gone. "Pray, pray that it may be soon," was his repeated exclamation; "Glory! glory! glad, *gladder*. To think that my soul may be saved; praise, praise, mercy, mercy and love. Glory, glory, glory everlasting! Work, in the vineyard, work in the vineyard." On being told that he had worked in the vineyard, he said, "Have I? Praise, praise. Pray that we may all meet again; *all* meet again." Passages of Scripture were repeated to him, and he would exclaim again and again, "Glory! glory! glory! Oh, pray that it may be soon." Such an outburst of triumphant faith in one naturally so nervous and timid was most remarkable. The scene was afterwards described by one of the attendants as heavenly.

Fully conscious to the last, he kissed his wife farewell, and whispered, "Precious." He then lay quietly talking, but indistinctly, until he fell asleep. Gradually the breathing grew weaker until the last breath was drawn, and the spirit was set free without a sigh, and without the slightest movement.

“ He ‘ fell asleep ’ in Christ his Lord ;  
He gave to Him to keep  
The soul His great love had redeemed,  
Then calmly went to sleep ;  
And as a tired bird folds its wing,  
Sure of the morning light,  
He laid him down in trusting faith,  
And did not dread the night.

“ His was a childlike confidence ;  
And as he closed his eyes,  
The whisper was within his soul—  
‘ To-day in Paradise.’ ”

“ Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the  
victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’

The following was a favourite hymn, which  
A. Palian often repeated :—

“ There is a city bright ;  
Closed are its gates to sin ;  
Nought that defileth,  
Nought that defileth  
Can ever enter in.

“ Saviour, I come to Thee ;  
O, Lamb of God, I pray,  
Cleanse me and save me,  
Cleanse me and save me,  
Wash all my sins away.



“ Lord, make me from this hour  
 Thy loving child to be,  
 Kept by Thy power,  
 Kept by Thy power  
 From all that grieveth Thee.

“ Till in the snowy dress  
 Of Thy redeemed I stand,  
 Faultless and stainless,  
 Faultless and stainless,  
 Safe in the happy land,”

ELLEANOR PERRY, 86 8 2 mo. 1890  
*Monkstown, Dublin.* Widow of Robert Perry.  
 SARAH ANN PICKERING, 70 24 1 mo. 1890  
*Malton.* Wife of Henry Pickering. An Elder.

In the summer of 1889 Sarah Ann Pickering spent some weeks at Malvern, enjoying her usual health, and meeting with her life-long friend Esther Savory Spriggs, of Worcester, who was at the time an invalid. This proved to be their last meeting, for within a few months both of them were called away to their eternal home.

Sarah Ann Pickering returned to Malton in the Ninth month, and on the morning after she reached home she was taken seriously ill. When, after a time, symptoms of improvement appeared, having believed that she was nearing

heaven, it was with expressions of disappointment that she contemplated a prolongation of her life here, and that therefore she was not going to heaven yet. She was one who might in no small measure have adopted the words of Paul, "For to me to live is Christ," and therefore she could also in a blessed assurance of Christian faith feel that to die would be gain.

The promised restoration to health, however, was not realised, and it soon became but too evident that the end was drawing near.

It was beautiful to observe how completely her heart and affections were weaned from the things of earth, even from those in which she has taken much interest and pleasure, and were now set upon things above. Yet, though nearing the border land, she found that she was still in an enemy's country, and said one morning that Satan had been harassing her during the night. She was comforted, however, when a friend assured her that Christ was between her and Satan, and would never allow him to touch her.

At another time she said: "I think the end is near. I know how —— died, and I think I shall go in the same way. It was a great mercy E—— was here to lift me up. . . It has

been a beautiful night ; God has been very good to take away fear." "I *know* I am going to be with Jesus," was her response to one who spoke words of encouragement to her ; and to another, the day before she died, she held out her hand and said, "I am going *home*." Very early in the morning of the 24th of First month she very quietly passed away.

She had deservedly held a high place in the estimation of the people of Malton, and large numbers of them gathered round her open grave, and into the meeting-house, where, in the Lord's goodness, a time of remarkable solemnity and deep spiritual instruction was granted.

JOSEPHINE PIM, 40 11 9 mo. 1889

*Wicklow.* Daughter of the late Joseph Pim.

ELIZABETH POWER, *Cork*. 78 30 7 mo. 1890

EDWIN PRIEST, 75 23 3 mo. 1890

*Sheffield.*

SARAH J. PRITCHARD, 15 28 1 mo. 1890

*Bessbrook.* Daughter of Thomas and Sarah Pritchard.

MARY PROCTER, *Clonmel*. 84 8 4 mo. 1890

OBERLIN PUDNEY, 31 9 4 mo. 1890

*Stoke Newington.* Son of Robert B. and Elizabeth Pudney, of Earls Colne, Essex.

HUGH RAILTON,	85	21	7 mo.	1889
<i>Barnard Castle.</i>				
JANE H. RANSOME,	63	12	9 mo.	1890
<i>Rushmere Cottage, Wandsworth. Wife of</i> <i>Edwin Rayner Ransome.</i>				
WILLIAM REDFERN,	66	13	11 mo.	1889
<i>Davenport, near Stockport.</i>				
GULIELMA REYNOLDS,	57	4	10 mo.	1889
<i>Warwick. Wife of Frederic Reynolds.</i>				
JANE RICCALTON, <i>York.</i>	69	10	2 mo.	1890
<i>J. R. died at Tunbridge Wells.</i>				
JAMES RICHARDSON,	58	16	6 mo.	1890
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne. An Elder.</i>				
JOHN GRUBB RICHARDSON,				
	76	28	3 mo.	1890
<i>Moyallon House, Gilford, County Down. An</i> <i>Elder.</i>				

“From childhood I was strongly impressed with the duty we owe to God in caring for the welfare of the people around us.”

Perhaps few have more faithfully and persistently carried out in life such an aspiration of childhood, expressed above in his own words, than the subject of this brief memoir. We present it with the desire to exalt His grace, who, by working in willing hearts to will and to do of His good pleasure, develops and carries

n to a blessed fruition those aspirations which  
He implants, sometimes in very early life.

In some rough notes, found after his death,  
John Grubb Richardson briefly reviews his own  
earlier life, but it is a matter for regret that the  
sketch does not extend to later years. He  
says, "I have been frequently asked to write a  
little sketch of my life, and have become willing  
to give a few facts. I was born in Lisburn,  
Co. Antrim, in the year 1813, where my father  
lived and carried on the linen business. My  
grandfather left his father's country home to  
learn the business from an uncle named Hogg,  
and our family has thus been connected with  
his industry for about 150 years.

"My excellent father and mother were of  
the generation of the righteous. They had ten  
children, seven sons and three daughters, and  
we were a very united family. We were mem-  
bers of the Society of Friends, our forefathers  
having been convinced by the preaching of  
William Edmundson in 1660. All our ancestors  
came to Ireland from the north of England, in  
 Cromwell's army, and received grants of land  
from him to settle in Ireland. My father's  
mother was a lovely character. She was de-  
scended from Captain Nicholson, who, when



quartered at Alnwick, married Lady Betty Percy, and was killed in one of Cromwell's smaller battles in the north of Ireland. A touching story is told of the young wife, who wandered over the battle-field looking for her husband, with her baby in her arms. The circumstance was reported to Cromwell, who gave the woman a grant of land, which the family still holds.

“My maternal grandmother, Sarah Grubb, was known in the Society as the ‘Queen of the South.’ She was a noble and vigorous woman, loved and esteemed by a large circle, and as a widow, managed her late husband's affairs and those of her orphan nephews and nieces, the family of her deceased brother, a banker in Dublin. She died at eighty, leaving a large property.”

It is very characteristic of the writer to mention the women rather than the men of his family; for with him it was a favourite saying, “Women do far more good in the world than men;” and, again, in advocating the cause of temperance in public and private, he would often say, “Gain the women and the doctors, and the cause is won!” But to proceed:—

“I was sent at the age of eleven to the

once celebrated school in Ballitore, Co. Wicklow, kept by the Shackletons for three generations, where Edmund Burke was educated."

He often told his children how he early rose to good standing here among the lads by the result of a forced combat, instituted to prove the rank to be accorded to the new-comer, when he vanquished a much stronger boy, by the use of his left fist—an art learned from an old servant at home. He continues:—

"At the age of fourteen, I was sent to Frenchay, Gloucestershire, to the leading school of the Society of Friends in that day. I left this school in 1830, at the age of seventeen, and went home to take my place in my father's business, contrary to my personal wish, for I had a great desire to become a barrister. It may be profitable here to allude to two incidents in my early life, which, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, were the means of shaping my future course, by causing me to reflect on eternal things.

"My father's coachman, who was proud of his master's sons—there were seven of us—and very desirous to teach us to ride and drive well, encouraged us to hunt, a favourite amusement of my eldest brother, who was a capital

horseman. My dear good father was much opposed to our doing so, partly on account of the waste of time, but more especially because he dreaded our association with those who led a life devoted to sports and amusement. I had no means of hunting except by taking one of my father's carriage horses, as my eldest brother only was furnished with a riding horse. After a considerable struggle in my mind, by advice of the old coachman, I yielded to the temptation. We had a good run, but, on coming to a narrow lane with a stone wall on each side, instead of taking one wall at a time as the other trained horses did, my horse, a good jumper, made a spring for both, and with the effort shot me over his head on the far side. There, having fallen on my head, I lay unconscious for perhaps an hour, until one of my friends brought my horse back, fearing that I had been seriously hurt or killed. I remounted, and slowly made my way home, reflecting on my position. What would have been the result, I meditated, if I had died there, having taken my father's horse to do that of which he disapproved? I was brought to a firm resolution to seek forgiveness, and also clearly to see that if I, the second son of a large family, should

devote my mind to field sports and other amusements, I would set a bad example to my brothers and be of little use in helping forward my father's interests. I never hunted again, but devoted my time to building up the family business.

“The second incident occurred about a year after the foregoing, and when I was about twenty years old. Leaving the west of England in haste to reach home on account of the dangerous illness of one of my brothers, I landed at Cork, and, though it was winter, I travelled night and day on the outside of a mail coach. I caught cold, and was brought near to death by inflammation of the lungs. The doctor asked my father's leave to tell me that if the mercury I was taking, as a final resource, did not check the disease, in a few hours I should be dead. He did so in as gentle a manner as he could; but oh! how unfit I felt to die, and appear before a just and holy God, knowing that in many things which men might call small, I had been disobedient to the Holy Spirit's teaching. I did most earnestly entreat my Heavenly Father to raise me up again, and made solemn vows to live a more devoted life.” We may interrupt the narrative here by saying



that in later life, about the year 1880, inflammation of the lungs again overtook him very suddenly. He rang his night-bell, and, on the appearance of a faithful servant, he said: "I believe the last message has come, but it is sweet to rest in the arms of my Saviour." He was, however, spared for a little further service.

To resume the personal record, J. G. R. goes on to say:—"During these early years I was powerfully visited by the Holy Spirit, and longed to be a more devoted and decided Christian. The ministry of Joseph J. Gurney, Elizabeth Fry and Stephen Grellet, deepened these impressions. I remember carrying about Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and going into quiet corners to read and weep over the struggles of Christian. I should like to say here that I had great religious support from a beloved sister who had been a Christian from childhood. Indeed through life I have been greatly blessed by the influence of women; God in His great mercy gave me two very superior wives, who were as angels from Heaven to me. Surely I cannot say too much for feminine influence, and my earnest prayer is that it shall be more and more recognised at home and in public. Indeed when I think of all the good influences



surrounding me from childhood, I only wonder how little fruit I have brought forth in my life.

“From 1838 to 1841 I was much occupied with settling my younger brothers in business, and thus Richardson Bros. became merchants. It was my great desire that the seven brothers should be bound together and help one another through life.

“After starting the mercantile house in Belfast we established another in Liverpool, and in 1841 I crossed in one of the first steamers to the United States, and assisted in establishing my brother Thomas as agent for the Linen House, Belfast, as well as for Richardson Bros. and Co., while other agencies were in contemplation.

“All these operations so engaged my mind that I lost much of my religious strength; and business, alas! so absorbed my thoughts that it measurably drove out spiritual things; yet I loved the cause of Christ, and desired at some time to become a true and devoted Christian.

“In 1844 I married Helena Grubb, of Cahir Abbey, Co. Tipperary, a distant cousin of my own. Though brought up in a gay family, and loved and admired by the fashionable circle

which surrounded her, she had chosen the better part when fourteen years of age; and, after some acquaintance, she accepted my offer of marriage, being impressed by the Holy Spirit that I was to be her companion for life. A more beautiful character never lived. . . .

In extending our business, in partnership with my brothers, we were obliged to keep pace with the times and become flax spinners and manufacturers. Hitherto we had merely purchased the brown cloth in the markets to bleach and sell. We had then to decide where we should build linen mills. I had a great aversion to be responsible for a factory population in a large town like Belfast; so, on looking round, we fixed upon a place near Newry, which had been the first mill for spinning yarns in Ireland. With water power and a thick population around, and in a country district where flax was cultivated in considerable quantities, it had moreover the desirable condition in my sight of enabling us to control our people and do them good in every sense. From childhood I was strongly impressed with the duty we owe to God in looking after the welfare of those around us. In 1846 we began to build at Bessbrook, and the next year work began there. I had long resolved that we

should have a temperance population in our little colony, though not until afterwards a total abstainer myself. The place came largely under my care and supervision, though I lived in Belfast except in the summer months.

“ In the year 1849, it came before my notice that eleven women, principally from the mountains, brought illicit whisky into Bessbrook, concealed in baskets, which were apparently filled with calicoes, tapes, and ribbons. By placing a watch over this traffic we succeeded in excluding all these peddlers except one. This widow was a very determined creature, and used to disguise herself in a variety of ways. She became a sort of mythical personage, and for twelve months evaded us; but at last I traced her to her best customer's house, and followed her inside, sitting down at the fire beside her and chatting, while poking my stick into the basket to find the hidden treasure. But it was not there. After leaving the house, half an hour did not elapse until it was reported all over the place that she had hoodwinked Mr. Richardson by taking out the gallon of whisky and making a ‘stool’ of it for herself! This woman at last emigrated to America, and from that day, as far as we know, there has been no ‘sinful stuff’ sold at Bessbrook.

Of course I soon became an abstainer myself to encourage our people."

We regret to say that at this point there is an abrupt termination to this little autobiography, but we shall endeavour to continue the history of the founder of Bessbrook, where the great fact has been worked out that a factory population rejoice in the absence of strong drink, and in the happiness and profit its absence confers. It is also a fact that, while party spirit and sectarian feeling have worked havoc in many parts of Ireland, the people of this temperance colony, Roman Catholic and Protestant, have lived in harmony, without the crime and disturbance which have desolated other parts of the land. In a letter written when W. E. Gladstone was in office, we shall once more let the subject of this memorial speak :—

" I am firmly convinced that if the Ministry had done their first work, and had braved the opposition of the spirit trade, they would have had a greater blessing on their labours for Ireland as well as England. It is a well-known fact that not a meeting for rapine and murder takes place in Ireland at which whisky does not play a prominent part, and that our poor countrymen would be incapable of committing the outrages which



have taken place without the stimulus of whisky. It is well-known, too, that the amount drunk in whisky and beer at least equalled the rental paid during the last three years, and we have proof that where least rent was paid most whisky was sold. God only knows how many murders were hatched in public-houses, or how many publicans licensed by the Government have taken part in the disturbances! *Apropos* of licensed spirit dealers, how is it that no effort has been made even to prevent the increase of a class which, in case of temperance legislation, you and others have stated would be fairly entitled to compensation? The effect of this constant increase must surely be a corresponding increase in the liabilities of the nation, not to speak of all the acknowledged evils of which the trade is a fruitful source."

To return to the point where the autobiography ends, we find J. G. Richardson in 1847, happily married, occupying himself assiduously and continuously in commercial affairs, and gaining for himself the reputation of being one of the foremost merchants of the day. Everything had prospered in his hand; and, guided by a rapidity in forming conclusions which was certainly more a gift of intuition than due to any



lengthened process of reasoning, he had created and built up business concerns and chosen able men to manage them. He had assisted to found the flourishing Inman line of steamers, an enterprise from which, however, he retired in 1854 from conscientious motives, when the owners decided to charter the vessels to carry war stores to the Crimea. Other extensive agencies in Alexandria and Philadelphia were in contemplation, when in this heyday of prosperity and in the strength of manhood he was to hear a Voice speaking above the voices of the world. That Holy Spirit which had called him to whole-hearted consecration in early life had been in measure silenced, or only attended to at intervals in his busy life. Now, in infinite love, a pause was ordained, and he was arrested in his career. His beloved wife, after only four years of married life, was suddenly snatched from him in 1849, leaving a son and infant daughter; a business panic threatened calamity to his commercial interests; illness laid its hand upon him, and he was brought to say, "When Thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth; surely every man is vanity." In this time of sore affliction he broke up his home in Belfast, and retired with his little boy to

live at Lisnagarvey with his eldest sister, Sarah Malcomson, who had in youthful days ministered to the flame of divine love in his soul. Here in his stricken condition he found in her society, and that of Eli and Sybil Jones (who remained some months with them on account of illness), that quiet and solace needed; here he remembered and renewed vows made in the dew of his youth, that if his Heavenly Father would be with him to forgive and bless, he would henceforth give Him the dominion in his heart, and life, and business.

“He was then in very poor health,” writes E. J. R., “and struggling with religious convictions. He was much helped to gain the victory over self and the things of the world by E. and S. Jones, who were there for a long time owing to her delicate state of health. That was a memorable time to not a few, though it seemed a cloudy experience to those anointed messengers of the Lord. Your aunt Malcomson’s heart and home were freely opened to them, and I often wondered at the calm patient way in which she met all the disturbances resulting from their visit, and from the many visitors who came to see them.”

During these years of bereavement and

ill-health he withdrew from the position of leader in business to that of adviser, believing that the Lord required him to be more and more weaned from the spirit of the world, and to serve Him on a higher platform of religion and philanthropy. He had thoughts of retiring altogether from business life, but, in accordance with the counsel of his dear and honoured friend John Hodgkin, he felt that he could best serve his Heavenly Father by still holding his position, while he made it subservient to higher interests. At one period, when ill and almost in despair as to his spiritual state, a beloved uncle, John Richardson, sent him a text which he felt as a direct message from heaven:—"In a small moment I have forsaken thee, but with great mercy will I gather thee; in a little wrath I hid My face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

In 1853 he married Jane M. Wakefield, of Moyallon, Co. Down, having had, as he believed, the most distinct guidance by the Holy Spirit in taking this important step in life. He settled at Brookhill, near Lisburn, where he devoted himself to country pursuits, affairs of the Society, and benevolent objects, still retaining his posi-

tion as head of the two family firms. Here, as wherever he made his home, he welcomed visitors of all classes, especially keeping open house for the messengers of the Gospel. Jonathan Grubb's visits were a characteristic feature of those days, and were a means of leading him out into a larger place in Christian experience. Being now free from the detail and routine of business, his mind had leisure and opportunity to enter with a wide and increasing interest into all that affected the good of his country and the world at large. Humble and simple as a child in his spiritual life, he held very strong opinions on matters which concerned the social and political well-being of humanity.

About five years after his second marriage the family removed to Moyallon, which brought him within driving distance of Bessbrook. In this colony he continued to take increasing interest as it grew in size and importance until some 3,000 workers were employed there. In order to be more among his people he enlarged a house there, and made it a residence for part of the year, remodelling and beautifying the grounds as he had already done in three other places, for he was naturally a gifted landscape-gardener and a great lover of flowers.



For many years an Elder in the Society of Friends his voice was often heard in its meetings, and the welfare of the body had a warm place in his heart. At Bessbrook he built a large meeting-house, and in a few years gathered quite a colony of Friends. But, although he was strongly attached to the distinguishing views of Friends, his religious sympathy was bounded by no sect or limit, but reached out to and embraced all who loved and served the same blessed Master. A First-day evening meeting was begun soon after he settled at Moyallon, held at first in the conservatory, then in a hall built for the purpose. To this, as well as to a large First-day school, all sects and conditions of persons came, and helped in carrying on the work. Many can testify that the whole neighbourhood for miles round felt the influence; and the disappearance of five public-houses was largely due to his efforts. In the words of one who knew him well, we may say, "Praise God for the courage and godly independence with which he stood out for real soul-converting religion, and resolutely and unchangingly rowed against the opposing current of dead formalism, and the trying influence or quiet opposition of good but mistaken people."



Vocal prayer at family worship was long laid on his heart, but during the earlier period of his family life he had resisted the Spirit, and used afterward to tell how he often went to his room trembling under a sense of unfaithfulness. But in later years his voice was constantly heard at such times in prayer for those he loved, for the work laid upon his heart at Bessbrook and Moyallon, and for the nation at large.

Among other means of caring for the welfare of the people around him, he frequently distributed tracts and periodicals. The "tract-bag" was a well-known institution in his drives between Moyallon and Bessbrook, and elsewhere the appearance of the carriage was a signal for the children to run out expecting the usual supply of literature. His ways with children were very sweet, and the little ones in the cottages loved him. His last act on leaving Moyallon, ten days before his death, was to order the horses to stop, that he might hand a gift to the gardener for his little girl, which he had not had time to deliver himself.

We might mention here his extreme kindness, and the pleasure he took in helping young men to start in life, and in assisting others who were in difficulties. Appeals for help were sel-

dom refused, and though sometimes deceived, he was never discouraged.

“ Still a large faith in humankind he cherished,  
And in God’s love to all.”

From any tale of woe, or the voice of a beggar, he could not bear to turn away, and his lack of self-consciousness in all he did gave an added charm and originality to his acts on behalf of others. With his own hand he would take garments or food to beggars in the conservatory, and, on one occasion, after giving one man his fare to help him back to London, clothing two or three families, aiding an old man whose daughter had run away, and various other applicants, he came in and said in real perplexity to one of his family, “ I wish I could tell why these unfortunate creatures come to *me* ! ”

It was a happy day for many a family when assisted to go to Bessbrook. In many cases taken out of abject poverty, and given a chance of helping themselves, they have become respectable and respected members of the colony there. His kind and pleasant manner attracted and attached his people and servants to him. After his death, they would say, “ It is a father we have lost ! ”

His deep interest in the social welfare of the people, local and general, continued throughout life. In 1882 he declined a baronetcy, saying in his letter to W. E. Gladstone, that the acceptance of the offer, on the ground of his having tried to do a little for the benefit of his fellow-men, would detract from the satisfaction he had found in so doing." In the same letter he again urges that statesman to adopt some decided measure in favour of the Temperance cause. Never a politician in any party sense, he always advocated measures for the alleviation of unmerited distress or hardship even when they involved personal sacrifice, and was constantly opposed to all forms of religious bigotry.

The cause of peace was very near his heart, and during his last years he took a great pleasure in extending William Jones's tour to Australia and elsewhere to advocate the cause of international arbitration.

His last address in Mōyallon Meeting was of the nature of a farewell, though he was then in his usual health. He pressed on the young men the sad consequences of permitting the world to occupy the uppermost place in their hearts, and brought his own experience to bear on what he said.

On the 20th of Third month he was suddenly seized with influenza, which ended, as we reverently believe, in life more abundant, on the 28th. During the sad week of illness at Bessbrook there was a solemn stillness over the place, the people passing one another without the usual greetings, in silent sorrow, for each felt that it was *their* friend who was passing away. Congestion of the lungs had fastened for the third time on his now delicate frame, and during most of the time there was unconsciousness and little or no suffering. His childhood's instinct was strong even in death. On the last evening in which he was able to think consecutively, he desired that something should be given to his night-nurse to read, bearing on the way of salvation through Christ, as he had found that she was a Unitarian. She, like all others in contact with him, became much attached to him on account of his kindness and thought for her comfort. At one time he said he had been thinking of the honour God had put upon us poor creatures in making us "heirs with Himself, and joint heirs with Christ." Frequently he asked for hymns, and was soothed by his favourites, "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, lover of my Soul," and many others.

The last one he asked for was the simple hymn beginning, "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven." When the verse was repeated, "My God I am thine, what a comfort divine!" he responded with almost his last effort, "Ah, what a comfort!"

As his family were gathered in prayer for a painless parting of the spirit and in thanksgiving for the victory over death and the grave, the summons came and he fell asleep. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken way, blessed be the name of the Lord."

As the funeral, a mile and a half in length, passed through the country roads to Moyallon, many expressions of deep sorrow were heard. One of his own tenants was overheard to say, "You may talk of the Duke of Manchester's death" (a neighbouring landlord), but what is it to this? You may expect the great men of your party in Parliament to do wonders for you, but if there were more like Mr. Richardson, who lived among his people, Ireland would soon be a different country."

These particulars are given with no view of bringing honour to him who would have been the first to shrink from the attempt. The honour all belongs to the Master through whose



grace the servant was enabled in good measure to accomplish the ambition of his childhood and "care for the welfare of the people around him." This little memoir may show, too, how human hearts responded to the touch of kindness, and the blessing that followed a life in which such acts were performed spontaneously, naturally, and not on the lines of duty or self-sacrifice.

A fortnight after his death some memoranda were found in J. G. Richardson's desk referring chiefly to his desire to have a very simple funeral, and written about a year previously. We give extracts.

"I have lately been brought to think much about funeral arrangements; indeed, for the greater part of my life I have tried to battle with the way in which working people and those without a shilling to spare involve themselves in funeral expenses. This habit is kept up by the expensive arrangements of the rich, and the time has come when a decided protest should be made by each of us. I therefore wish to set a quiet example with regard to my funeral. I wish no flowers, no outward show of any kind, but a private committal to the grave by and amongst mine own people. I have also

felt concerned of late at the difficulty of controlling the ministry at our 'Friends' funerals. It has generally been too long, too many taking part. I feel sure that the ministry would be most telling if the communications were short. Would that my death might be the means of bringing all my dear relations and friends to remember that the end of life must come, and that my funeral might be a day of fresh consecration of souls to the service of God, so that in some little measure, my death, like Samson's of olden time, might do more good than my life. My earnest prayer is that all may experience that change of heart which is proved by our love for Him and His cause who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. I feel every year more and more that I am nothing, Christ is all; that I am but a monument of Divine Grace; and that I might have lived a far more devoted life to God, my Master, who, I trust, has forgiven and will forgive me, a poor worm of the dust. I rely only upon the mercy of God through faith in His Blessed Son, the faith in Jesus which gives the victory."

MARY RICHARDSON,            90   26   8 mo. 1890  
*Sunderland.*    Widow of Caleb Richardson.

JOSEPH RICKERBY, 92 23 1 mo. 1890  
*Burgh-by-Sands, near Carlisle.*

SAMUEL RICKETTS, 79 23 10 mo. 1889  
*Charfield, Gloucestershire.*

MARY ANN RINGER, 87 21 4 mo. 1890  
*Diss, Norfolk.* Wife of George Ringer. An Elder.

ALFRED ROBERTS, 56 26 11 mo. 1889  
*Killiney, Dublin.*

MARY ANN ROBINSON, 60 1 3 mo. 1890  
*Middlesborough.* Wife of William Robinson.

PERCY ANSELL ROBINSON, 12 3 8 mo. 1890  
*West Ham.* Son of Henry and Matilda E. Robinson.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 59 23 9 mo. 1890  
*Darlington.*

RACHEL ROBSON, 86 20 1 mo. 1890  
*Saffron Walden.* An Elder. Widow of John Stephenson Robson.

Rachel Robson was the fourth daughter of Joseph Marks and Mercy Green, of Saffron Walden, and was born on the 24th of Third Month, 1804.

From a child her heart was imbued with the love of God, and her characteristic reverence made her very jealous for the honour of His holy name ; but her strong will and impul-

sive temperament often led her to do and say things which afterwards she had bitterly to regret. When only eleven years old, she wrote in her pocket-book:—"Have been very uncomfortable to-day from temper;—laid on the steps, and many were the tears I shed for my behaviour. All that I could say was, 'Oh, Heavenly Father, aid me to do better!' Oh! may He aid me to walk aright, and may I be kept under His gracious arm, which can keep us from all the temptations of the enemy of our soul's salvation." Written, at the same age, in an arbour:—

"In this dear pretty spot,

Turn inward, oh! my soul—reflect, be wise;  
And see the goodness of that God who made thee,  
Who hath formed even this green and spacious  
earth;

Hath formed it with His own Almighty hand.

Oh! let our hearts be filled with songs of praise;

Let us sing loud Hallelujahs to His name;

Even to Him who sits upon the Throne,

And to the Lamb, who reigns for evermore."

A year or two later she writes:—"Very much pride and vanity is in my nature; so that I am often hurt when I am not admired and thought so well of as the rest, though they far more deserve admiration than myself." Her intense sensitiveness caused her to feel pain for

herself or others with unusual keenness. The following verses, written when about fourteen, will show something of how she suffered :—

A PRAYER FOR RESIGNATION DURING PAIN IN THE  
HEAD.

“ Oh ! Thou to whom the nations bow,  
Thy creatures bend the knee ;  
Oh ! suffer me, Thy suppliant low,  
To ask a boon of Thee.

“ ’Tis *resignation* that I ask  
To Thy unerring will ;  
Oh ! give me this, and then dispense  
All that seems needful still.

“ And with what trials Thou see’st fit  
My path should be bestrewed ;  
Oh ! grant me this, and I submit,  
And take them all for good.

“ Though trying to my natural part,  
Afflictions still may seem ;  
If Thou art pleased to guide my heart,  
All will be peace within.

“ Whether my stay be long or short,  
In this sad vale of tears ;  
Yea, if Thou’rt pleased to cut me off  
In these my youthful years ;

“ If the short time I’ve spent below  
Has been in serving Thee ;  
My spirit, freed from sin and woe,  
Will praise eternally.”



*Ninth month 9th, 1826.*—"Choose Thou mine inheritance for me.' On this petition occurring to my mind, I have felt how truly desirable must be that state which can adopt it as the sincere, the fervent breathing of the heart.

"HE SHALL CHOOSE OUR INHERITANCE FOR US."

"Choose Thou my portion, I would pray of Thee ;  
My spirit bows before Thy sovereign will ;  
The lot Thou fixest must be best for me ;  
Be Thou my guide ; be Thou my leader still.

"Nature, indeed, would cause a bitter strife ;  
It loves to take the path itself would choose ;  
But ah ! that path, it leads not unto life—  
Help me its earnest pleadings to refuse.

"I humbly own that I can nothing do,  
Unless Thy power be present to sustain ;  
And oh ! my faith, my trust in this renew,  
Till it o'er every thought triumphant reign.

"Once at Thy word the crystal waters flowed,  
E'en from the barren rock, a living spring ;  
So canst Thou melt the heart before thee bowed,  
And give it, of Thy mercy, power to sing.

"Oh ! if Thy hand extend the chastening stroke,  
'Tis goodness all ; that goodness ne'er will cease ;  
And sweet submission to Thy easy yoke  
Will bring the harvest of enriching peace.

“ Unprofitable care is cast away  
When all is yielded to Thy wise control ;  
We trust Thee for Thy mercy, day by day,  
And holy fervour animates the soul.  
“ Choose Thou my portion, I would pray of Thee ;  
My spirit bows before Thy sovereign will ;  
The lot Thou fixest must be best for me ;  
Be Thou my guide, be Thou my leader still.”

Writing in reference to her marriage Rachel Robson says :—

*First month 7th, 1827.*—“ I would wish, under a little fresh feeling of gratitude to the one Great Author of all our mercies, to testify to His goodness and His love and unfailing compassion to the most unworthy of His creatures. . . . What am I that He should deal thus bountifully with Me ? . . . . In loving-kindness and tender mercy He hath visited and revisited, and hath made a path before my feet. My very soul is humbled under a sense of His goodness. He hath followed me all my life long with the gentle invitations of His love, and outwardly I have been signally blessed. In a remarkable manner hath He now supplied ‘the South land,’ so that I seem to have now no earthly want unsupplied. He hath favoured me with a truly affectionate helpmeet. I feel that I need to be constantly on the watch lest the pleasing

things by which I am surrounded become the idols of a heart too easily persuaded to settle down on the lees, forgetful of the Giver of every good gift. 'Thou hast given me a south land, give me also springs of water.' May this become *our* continued petition."

During many years of her married life Rachel Robson was the mistress of a large business house at Saffron Walden, where many young people shared her kind and motherly care, and it was her evident desire to discharge her varied duties faithfully. In 1857 the family removed to Linden Lodge, a change which her intense love of flowers made very enjoyable; and there she spent the remainder of her life.

Naturally possessed of good abilities and decision of character, combined with a very affectionate disposition, she won the love and admiration of her friends, by whom her counsel was frequently sought.

After many years of usefulness, Rachel Robson became an invalid; but her power of entering into sympathy with others, especially in their sorrows, was inexhaustible, and freely given to many a one who entered her chamber.

To her attendants she was a true friend; her kindness and consideration attaching them.

most warmly to her; while her heart clung, with ever-increasing fondness, to her children and grandchildren, especially after the death (in 1888) of her beloved husband, to whom she had been tenderly united for over sixty years, and whose loss she so keenly felt that she never rose above it.

Much physical weakness and depression marked her declining years; but when she was conscious of having yielded to irritability of temper it was a cause of deep sorrow to her.

Early in the year 1890 an attack of bronchitis reduced her remaining strength so completely that, though the complaint itself was brought under, in an unexpected moment she very suddenly passed away, as is reverently believed, to the Home above.

A few days before the close, when oppressed by illness, she told one of her daughters that she seemed to hear a voice saying to her, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee—yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." This promise seemed remarkably fulfilled to her, for she had all her life long been very timid; and now, almost before she knew her feet were in the

Jordan, she had passed through to the other shore.

The night before she died, when very ill and restless, she was much comforted, as often before, by joining one of her sons in prayer. The following prayer was one of the last she was heard to utter :

“ Oh ! that Thou wouldst tell me where I might find Thee, that I may know where Thou art, and that I may come to the place of Thy feet. The Lord is in His Holy Temple, but with him also that is poor and needy, and trembleth at His word. Let *me come* to Thee, dearest Lord ! When Thou hast tried me I shall come forth as gold, and Thou shalt have the praise for ever and ever. Amen and Amen.”

SARAH ROOKE, 79 23 12 mo. 1889

*Papcastle, near Cockermouth.*

ANN SANDERSON, *Malton.* 79 31 12 mo. 1889

CAROLINE AMELIA SAUNDERS,

*Finsbury Park.* 68 28 2 mo. 1890

MARY PATIENCE SCARR, 31 5 8 mo. 1890

*Limerick.* Daughter of Mary and the late John Scarr.

SARAH SCHORAH, 56 12 12 mo. 1889

*Scholes, near Brighthouse.* Widow of George Schorah.



ELIZABETH SEALE, 85 21 4 mo. 1890

*Plaistow.* Widow of Elijah John Seale.

RICHARD SHACKLETON, 72 24 10 mo. 1889

*Withnell, near Chorley.*

JONATHAN SHACKLETON, 44 22 10 mo. 1889

*Audley Place, Blackburn.* Son of Richard and Ellen Shackleton.

It has been thought that a short memorial of Richard Shackleton would be helpful to those who knew him, and also encouraging to others who are striving to realise the restraining and strength-giving power of the Gospel in the midst of an active commercial and political life.

He was born at Holbeck, near Leeds, on the 22nd of Seventh month, 1817. At an early age he was sent to the Friends' school at Newton-in-Bowland, being contemporary there with John Bright. Afterwards he spent some years at Ackworth School, and completed his scholastic training at Samuel Marshall's school at Kendal.

At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the trade of a grocer in Leeds for a term of seven years, the hours of employment being, as then customary, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. Those whose privilege it was to know him in recent years, could detect in his methodical and syste-

matic habits the result of his good old-fashioned training, in the thoroughness with which he himself attended to his duties, and which he inculcated in others. This methodical disposition showed itself in many ways ; but it was beautifully balanced by his genial and considerate nature. As an employer, though never hard or exacting, he appreciated and looked for a conscientious and cheerful discharge of duties ; and he greatly valued the evidence of faithfulness and uprightness in little as well as in greater things.

In 1839, R. Shackleton removed to Blackburn, and entered into the business of a corn miller. The testimony of those who remember him in this early period of his career is that in everything he undertook his conduct was singularly open and straightforward, and marked by watchful Christian conscientiousness ; and as a consequence, his business friends soon found that confidence could uniformly be reposed in him.

Contrary to what was in that day considered desirable for religious-minded people, he very early began to take a deep interest in public affairs, both civil and political ; and here again his consistent conduct, and his staunch advocacy

of right, and open and straightforward action, stood out in marked contrast with many of the practices then prevalent. He was an earnest reformer on principle, and as such he was amongst the earliest advocates of the Temperance and Peace movements. These sterling traits in his character won for him the esteem and confidence of his fellow-townsmen, so that at the early age of forty-three he was placed on the roll of the borough magistrates, and at his death was the senior on the Blackburn Bench.

Whilst active and uncompromising in public matters, and careful, plodding, and upright in business, he was also sincere and consistent in all matters relating to the welfare of the Society of Friends, of which he was a sincere and devoted member. He was diligent in the attendance of meetings for worship and discipline, and set a bright example to those around him by his self-sacrificing and untiring love for the Truth. For the many years that he was a member of the Lancashire and Cheshire Quarterly Meeting, he willingly took his full share in the service of the Church. In his own meeting he was deeply concerned for the maintenance of its high Gospel standard of divine worship, and for the welfare of the little flock over which it may with reve-

rence be said that the Holy Ghost had made him an overseer. Of later years, under the constraining love of Christ, he was often engaged in public ministry, his brief and earnest addresses being attended with much power and feeling, and proving very acceptable to his friends.

R. Shackleton was one of the most familiar figures on the Liverpool Corn Market, where he was very highly respected for his conscientious and consistent Christian character.

His summons to the eternal home came somewhat suddenly, but he was one of the faithful servants whom the Master when He cometh finds watching. His only son Jonathan had gone with a friend to Ireland for a short holiday, and, taking cold, died at Belfast after three days' illness.

The shock of this severe trial proved more than the failing strength of our dear friend could withstand, and he passed quietly and peacefully away, a few hours after the interment of the remains of his son.

On the solemn occasion when the father's body was laid by the side of his beloved and only son there was a very large attendance; public and private friends assembling under deep

and chastened feelings to pay a last tribute of love and respect to a man whom they had highly esteemed and valued, because through a long life he had persistently striven, in humble reliance on Divine help, to live the life of a Christian—"to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God."

JOHN SHAW, *Belfast*.      60   17   3 mo.   1890

ELIZABETH SHEPHARD,   85   4   6 mo.   1890  
*Holloway.*

SARAH ANN SIMONDS,    36   24   3 mo.   1889  
*Diss, Norfolk.*

JOHN SINTON,              54   13   9 mo.   1890  
*Ravarnett, near Lisburn.*   An Elder.

MARGARET SMEAL,        75   10   12 mo.   1889  
*Glasgow.*   Widow of William Smeal.

LEONORA SMEE,            19   29   11 mo.   1889  
*Hammersmith.*   Daughter of John Henry and  
Susanna Jane Smee.

ANN SMITH,                67   19   4 mo.   1890  
*Middlesborough.*   An Elder.   Wife of Thomas  
Smith.

Although little known amongst Friends outside her own Monthly Meeting, it is thought some record of Ann Smith's life may be useful and stimulating to those who feel that their talents are small, to consecrate all to the Master's



use, knowing that He can use the feeblest instruments, if they are but willingly surrendered to Him.

She was the daughter of Thomas and Ann Ord, and was born in the quiet village of Marton-in-Cleveland, the 14th day of Ninth month, 1822. Being the eldest daughter in a family of seven, her early life was spent in active duties in the home circle, and although never of a strong constitution, her lively spirit and cheerful disposition made her the ready helper of old and young. Her parents belonged to the Established Church, but she often with her mother attended the little Wesleyan Chapel, finding the services there more congenial to her feelings, and in the year 1843 became a member of the Wesleyan body, and continued such till 1848, when she was united in marriage with Thomas Smith, of Middlesborough, who for some years had been a member of the Society of Friends. Ann Smith had for some time felt that the outward rites of Baptism and the Supper were unsatisfying, and was hungering for a more spiritual worship; and being now located in Middlesborough she attended meeting regularly, and after four years, she, with her husband, who had been disunited for his marriage out of the Society, was received into membership.

Married life brought with it family cares ; six children were born to them ; two of these—a daughter and their only son—were taken to the heavenly home in childhood. As a mother, Ann Smith was careful and diligent, and in training her children endeavoured to give them that help which would best fit them for the duties of life. In deciding on situations for her daughters, her great aim was that they should have Christian privileges rather than worldly gain, and thus in daily life she carried out the Master's injunction, " Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," in the firm belief that all necessary things would be added.

She possessed the gift of sympathy in a large degree, and was ever a welcome visitor where sorrow or sickness came, very many having testified what a real mother she had been to them, and how they could tell her their trials and difficulties, assured that from her they would receive loving counsel and practical suggestions.

As her children grew up she had more leisure to devote to outside work. She was for many years an Overseer, and later an Elder in Middlesborough Meeting. These offices she accepted with a feeling of great unfitness for them ; yet in much humility she endeavoured faithfully to discharge the duties entrusted to

her. Occasionally her voice was heard in meeting in praise or prayer, testifying to the loving-kindness of the Lord and His delivering power.

Some fourteen year ago, a need was felt for more scriptural instruction for the married women of the meeting, who felt themselves outside the pale of the gathering of the "Young Women Friends' Christian Union," and she, in conjunction with another Friend, began a mid-week Bible meeting, which has continued to be carried on with much help and blessing to those who attend it. The last meeting before her death was an especially favoured time; the subject for consideration being "Adoption," which they found replete with heavenly teaching; and the time allotted, although a second meeting was occupied with this subject, was all too short. Some of the members have since said, "We felt as though we could not separate, there was such a holy influence felt, and it was not till after her death that we realised how ripe she had become for the Heavenly kingdom."

The Temperance cause, the Peace Association, and the Bible Society, all had her earnest and prayerful support. The following, culled from the *Temperance Visitor* for Fifth month,

will show the manner in which she worked for the good of others :—

“ Mrs. Smith has been a member of the Ladies’ Temperance Committee ever since its formation, and has always taken a real active interest in Temperance work of every kind. Her delicate health and retiring character prevented her from taking a very prominent position, but in her own quiet way she never failed by word or letter to urge the importance of the question. Of later years her frequent contributions of needle work, and her subscriptions to various parts of the work, often pushed quietly into the hand of the writer, have been like refreshing rain on thirsty land. Her ready sympathy with suffering of any kind; her visits paid in times of sickness and distress, and her unfailing cheerfulness with steadfast trust in a Saviour’s help, and anxiety to spread His kingdom, endeared her to all who knew her.”

Although for some time Ann Smith’s health had been failing, her friends fondly hoped that she might be spared to them for some years; but it was ordered otherwise. The Easter holiday was the occasion of a family re-union which will long be remembered by the survivors as a time of hallowed social

enjoyment, when the mother-heart seemed to overflow with love and devotion to the little grandchildren.

Not a week elapsed before, by a sudden attack at the heart, she was laid on a bed of suffering, and for four days

“Death and life were keenly fighting  
For the doubtful prize.”

On the fifth and sixth days of her illness, she seemed better, but prostrate through lack of sleep. The effect of the morphia which had been administered to deaden the agonising pain, was to make her low and disconsolate, very different from her usual cheery self. This troubled her very much, and she said to her daughter, “This is not how a Christian ought to be;” but when told that the medicine was the cause of the depression, she was much easier. The next day was a restless time, and in the evening bronchitis set in, followed by inflammation of the lungs, which the already weakened frame could not struggle against. During the long hours of the night her sufferings were intense, but she was enabled through grace to be “more than conqueror;” her continual prayer being, “O Father, give me patience. If it is Thy will, shorten Thy work in righteousness, and admit me into Thy



Heavenly kingdom." Having given loving words to her dear ones, and commended them to their "One Resource," she raised her voice and exclaimed—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

"O death, where is thy sting?  
O grave, where is thy victory?"

"More than conquerors through Him that loved us," was quoted, and she answered, with an emphasis, "Yes."

"Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

On being reminded that soon the partings would be all over, she said "Yes."

"And glory fadeless dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land."

The whole of her illness was attended with sleeplessness, and she so longed for "just five minutes' rest;" but added, "I shall soon get that in the Eternal City."

The subjoined hymn of Dr. Bonar's, written during his last illness, and which seemed exactly to describe her state, was read to her, and gave her much comfort on the morning before her

death, when her family had little idea that so soon, for her, faith would be lost in sight, and her eyes would behold the face of Him whom on earth she had loved. Just at daybreak on the 19th of Fourth month her purified spirit entered into rest.

DR. BONAR'S LAST LINES.

“ IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE.”

“ Long days and nights upon this restless bed,  
Of daily, nightly weariness and pain!—  
Yet Thou art here, my ever-gracious Lord,  
Thy well-known voice speaks not to me in vain ;  
‘ In Me ye shall have peace ! ’

“ The darkness seemeth long, and even the light  
No respite brings with it ; no soothing rest  
For this worn frame ; yet in the midst of all  
Thy love revives. Father, Thy will is best.  
‘ In Me ye shall have peace ! ’

“ Sleep cometh not, when most I seem to need  
Its kindly balm. O Father, be to me  
Better than sleep ; and let these sleepless hours  
hours of blessed fellowship with Thee.  
‘ In Me ye shall have peace ! ’

“ Not always *seen* the wisdom and the love ;  
And sometimes hard to be believed, when pain  
Wrestles with faith, and almost overcomes ;  
Yet even in conflict Thy sure words sustain :—  
‘ In Me ye shall have peace ! ’

“ Father, the flesh is weak ; fain would I rise  
 Above its weakness into things unseen.  
 Lift Thou me up ; give me the open ear,  
 To hear the voice that speaketh from within :—  
 ‘ In Me ye shall have peace ! ’

“ Father, the hour is come : the hour when I  
 Shall with these fading eyes behold Thy face,  
 And drink in all the fulness of Thy love ;—  
 Till then, oh speak to me Thy words of grace :—  
 ‘ In Me ye shall have peace ! ’ ”

HANNAH SMITH, 71 24 5 mo. 1890  
*Heybridge, Essex.* Wife of Joseph John  
 Smith.

GRIZZELL MARIA SMITH, 90 7 6 mo. 1890  
*Highbury Place, London.* An Elder. Widow  
 of Richard Smith.

G. M. Smith was the elder daughter of Samuel and Grizzell Edmonds, of High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, and had passed twenty-seven years in quiet home life before her marriage with Richard Smith removed her to London, where, as years passed on, she became busied with the cares and interests of a large family, yet finding many quiet opportunities of showing her interest in the welfare of others.

Becoming a widow when fifty-six years of age, she greatly felt her increased responsibilities, which she endeavoured faithfully to fulfil, both

in regard to her own family, and also to the poor and others, including the duties of Overseer and Elder, being appointed to those offices by her Monthly Meeting.

She was nearly seventy-four years of age when first attacked by paralysis, from which she partially recovered; but after a second attack, occurring about two years later, was almost entirely confined to bed for nearly fourteen years.

She had long had a special dread of this complaint, and on understanding the nature of her illness she frequently asked for the hymn, "Thy Will be done," repeating the words herself, especially the lines,—

"Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
                                'Thy Will be done;'"

and it was soon evident that her prayer was being granted. She was strikingly enabled to lay aside all anxious cares, and while showing increased pleasure in,

"Whate'er of good, though small, the present  
brings;  
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and  
flowers;"

and continuing, as strength from time to time allowed, to manifest a lively interest, not only in her family and friends, but in the affairs of the nation and of the whole Christian church; and bearing with increasing patience, as time went on, the many trials and privations of prolonged illness.

Her 90th birthday was a day of tranquil happiness, in receiving many tokens of loving remembrance. During the following six months there was much loss of power, and the summons came very gently at last, consciousness remaining till within the last hour.

The following memorial lines, written by a friend, are felt to be very truly descriptive of her.

“ Our hearts are filled with praise to Thee our  
Lord,  
For all Thy rich abounding love and grace  
To our beloved,—a mother in the Church,  
Now passed to join the Heavenly Host above,  
Who chant the ‘ Holy, holy ’ evermore.

How precious are those seasons we recall,  
When we have caught a glimpse of that dear  
face—  
Bright with a joy and peace, and radiant  
With love to Him, whose presence dwelt  
within—



Beaming on all whose privilege it was  
To enter that bright room where, in past years,  
Our friend beloved has served and loved her  
Lord.

Thine was a blessed ministry and true,  
A living sermon, known and read of all  
Who, entering from the city's din and strife,  
There felt indeed as treading holy ground.

That room, made bright with works of art and  
flowers,  
Brought by kind loving hands, did not confine  
Thy life within its walls ; beyond its bounds  
Thy sympathy and help, thy watchful care,  
Was ever going forth in deep concern  
And loving interest in every cause  
That tended to the glory of thy Lord,  
To peace on earth, love and goodwill to men.

Not dead ! we may not spare thee from our  
midst ;  
Only exalted to a higher room  
In the bright mansions of our risen Lord.  
Thy gentle patient life, so bright with praise,  
Shall speak to loved ones thou hast left behind  
In ever new and deepening words of power.  
The church rejoices in such living stones,  
Polished and meet for the dear Master's use :  
Of such His palaces are built, rich gems  
Made lustrous by the trials of long years.

We join not in a funeral dirge for thee,  
But rather let our hearts give thanks to Him  
Our Lord—thy Lord—in whom thou wast  
made meet

For the ‘inheritance of saints in light.’ ”

MARY CHRISTY SMITH, 43 4 11 mo. 1889  
*Great Saling, near Bardfield.* Daughter of  
Joseph and Mary Smith.

MONTAGUE SMITH, 28 10 12 mo. 1889  
*King Street, Cheapside, London.* Son of  
Elizabeth Ann and the late Henry Smith.

THOMAS SMITH, 93 25 9 mo. 1890  
*Chichester.*

CONSTANCE ANN SOUTHALL,  
*Merstham, Surrey.* 89 5 4 mo. 1890  
Widow of Rittson Southall.

Constance Ann Southall was the eldest daughter of John and Mary Merrick, of London, and was born there on the 20th of First month, 1801. She possessed naturally a very happy disposition, always looking at the bright side of things ; which made her a great favourite with her many brothers and sisters.

Early in life she was no stranger to the gentle stirrings of the Holy Spirit ; but through a natural timidity, together with the reticence on religious matters which was so conspicuous

during the first part of this century, and which tended to repress both inquiry and instruction, she was unable to grasp the glorious truth of a present salvation, even though she truly loved her Saviour.

Amongst some memoranda found after her decease are the following:—

*Tenth month 30th, 1836.*—"Eight years this day since my beloved aunt left this transient scene. How has my heart craved that, like her, I may feel entire resignation, and be ready to meet the pale messenger. What continual changes we are daily hearing of—some called away in a moment; whilst others are left to linger, and time allowed to prepare for the summons. Oh, Death! how terrible thy appearance to the unconverted! It is only to those that feel their numerous sins are still as a handwriting against them that the dread is so great. Oh! Thou merciful Mediator, though I am of that number, yet let me not rest till I have found Thee whom my soul panteth after. But how much have I to do; and the time may be short. May I become a daily suppliant at Thy footstool for supplies of spiritual strength, and then all will be well, as Thou hast declared those that seek Thee early shall find Thee."

She had many trials and provings during her married life ; and with her deep humility (a striking feature in her character) she used often to say,—“ If I had but borne them better, I think they would have been removed.” Death, too, was busy in her own circle ; four of her beloved children were taken from her in early life ; but in these, as in all other sorrows, she recognised a Father’s loving hand.

Family cares were not permitted to engross her unduly. She always found time to visit and care for her poorer neighbours, and in the Irish famine of 1847 her efforts in endeavouring to mitigate the terrible sufferings of the peasantry were almost unceasing. In manner she was ever kind and courteous, and she was a great lover of hospitality. Like many another child of God she suffered from the fear of death ; and it was not until the summer of 1856, when she was brought low by a severe illness, that this cloud was withdrawn. Then, in the near prospect of being called away, she was enabled to rest completely on Christ’s finished work, and the words, “ I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,” wrapped her as it were in her Saviour’s loving arms ; and during the remainder of her long life, there was ever a sense of peace and

rest that no outward trouble could shake or destroy.

Under date First month, 1865, she writes :  
“ What can I render unto the Lord for all His mercies? In reviewing the many affecting events that have recently occurred, I am often led to examine myself, whether I am in the faith, and ready to depart. My numerous sins are often set in array before me, so that I am in a strait, scarcely daring to look above. Yet in condescending mercy I am favoured to hear, ‘ I have blotted out thy transgressions as a thick cloud ; return unto me for I have redeemed thee.’ Do Thou, oh God ! strengthen me to live more entirely unto Thee, leaving the things that are behind, pressing forward towards the mark, so that I may be clothed in the spotless robe of Christ’s righteousness, and ready for one of the mansions prepared for those who come out of great tribulation. Be pleased to visit my beloved children with the drawing cords of Thy love, so that we may all meet around Thy Throne. How solemn the thought that another year has rapidly passed away. What fruits can I show ? ‘ Cut it down ; why cumbereth it the ground,’ ? would be my doom, were it not for the infinite love of my Saviour, who in mercy spares the



old, almost leafless tree, ‘not willing that any should perish.’”

*Ninth month 6th, 1872* :—“In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.’ How consoling to feel that help is laid on One that is mighty, so that we may overcome all that now opposes us in our daily walk; and to know a deliverance from that fear of death through the same mighty power is surely worth striving after. May that peace which passeth all understanding be with me and all my dear ones! How needful to pray for an increase of faith; mine at times is so weak that I seem scarcely able to look up to Him and cry ‘Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.’ Yet I can acknowledge that I am not forsaken, unworthy as I am of His presence. Many times my prayers have been answered, when I thought they had not ascended, or that I had asked amiss. Time is short and very uncertain. Be pleased, oh Father! to continue with me to the end, supporting me under all the billows; and receive me into Thy glorious city, where I shall behold my Saviour who suffered so much for me, and who has overcome the world.”

Her last entry is under date First month, 1887 :—“Oh Lord! make me more Thine own.

Be Thou my Guide and my constant Helper. Wean me from my evil propensities ; may this be my experience during the short time permitted for my stay on earth ! In taking a review of the past I can in sincerity say I have been sustained beyond what I could have expected. A comfortable home with every earthly thing needed ; the assurance of Divine help ; the gracious and comforting promises often brought to my remembrance, stimulate me to press forward towards the mark. May my beloved family strive to follow the dear Saviour, and when trials appear, they can feel He is near to help in any temptation. . . . Such blessings will be your experience if the Lord is your portion. . . . Thankfulness often fills my heart with fervent gratitude."

As the shadows of evening drew on C. A. Southall seemed to live very near her Saviour ; and when her mental powers showed signs of decay, it was very teaching to those around her to see her brightness in divine truth, and that her Bible was still her best loved book. She could repeat much of it, and seldom was at any loss in finding any particular passage. Early in life she had made it her study, and now when flesh and heart failed, it was still her delight.

Her sweet smile of welcome to her friends will often be remembered ; and when no longer able to attend meetings, she much enjoyed the frequent visits paid her by a friend who is a minister. She would say, "A. C. repeated just the Psalm I needed."

Very suddenly the last summons came—just a slight difficulty of breathing—and then all was over. And those with her reverently believed she was in the immediate presence of Him whom her soul loved, and, that she "was satisfied." Perfect peace, and even radiance, shone in her face in death. Many were the testimonies borne at the funeral to her humble guileless walk in life ; and many of the poor whom she had succoured followed her to her last resting place.

FRANCIS GEORGE SOUTHEY,

*Exmouth.* 48 3 1 mo. 1890

Late of Uffculme, Devon.

JOSEPH SPENCE, 70 17 12 mo. 1889

*Tynemouth.* An Elder.

ROBERT SPENCE, 72 9 8 mo. 1890

*North Shields.*

HESTER SAVORY SPRIGGS, 71 12 10 mo. 1889

*Worcester.*

JOHN STEELE, *Cork.* 81 19 4 mo. 1890

WILLIAM STILWELL, 58 23 2 mo. 1890  
*Oldham.*

GEORGE R. STRICKLAND,  
 4 29 4 mo. 1890  
*Preston Patrick.* Son of James and Mary  
 Strickland.

LUCY STURGE, *Islington.* 91 13 1 mo. 1890  
 Widow of Daniel Sturge.

HENRY THORP, 58 24 10 mo. 1889  
*Sale, Manchester.*

JOHN TREADWELL, 63 8 12 mo. 1889  
*Birmingham.*

MARY TROMANS, 59 12 7 mo. 1888  
*Netherton, Dudley.* Wife of Abel Tromans.

ELIZABETH TRUSTED, 68 4 3 mo. 1890  
*Ringmer, near Lewes.*

ALFRED TUCKETT, 85 11 12 mo. 1889  
*Shirehampton, near Bristol.*

MARGARET VAULKHARD, 66 9 11 mo. 1889  
*Kendal.* Widow of John Vaulkhard.

HANNAH WADDINGTON, 75 8 1 mo. 1890  
*Bradford, Yorkshire.* Widow of Titus Wad-  
 dington.

STEPHEN WAKE, 87 7 1 mo. 1890  
*Middlesborough.*

JOSEPH WALKER, 70 1 7 mo. 1890  
*Shatton Lodge, Cockermouth.*

JONATHAN WALKER,      67   17      3 mo.   1890  
*Eccles, Manchester.*   An Elder.

The character of this dear Friend may be briefly described in the words of the Apostle: "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." His large-heartedness and sterling integrity, endeared him to all classes of the community, and the poor found in him an ever-willing and sympathising helper.

A member of the Society of Friends from conviction, as well as by birth, he firmly upheld its principles from early manhood; and to serve in any capacity the Church he loved so well, was a never-failing source of interest to him.

For thirty-two years he diligently and conscientiously fulfilled the duties of an Overseer in the large Monthly Meeting to which he belonged, and his sound judgment and practical common sense were highly valued by those who sought his advice. In his business relations, it is evident, from the many expressions of esteem and respect received from those with whom he constantly came in contact, that he humbly and unobtrusively endeavoured to carry out in every-day life the principles he professed; showing to the world the reality of his



religion, by living the life of a self-denying follower of the Lord Jesus.

ROBERT BURLEY WALLIS, 15 28 9 mo. 1890  
*Wakefield.* Son of Robert and Sarah Ellen Wallis.

MILLIS C. WARD, 18 mos. 13 4 mo. 1890  
*Henley-on-Thames.* Daughter of William and Louisa Ward.

MARIA WARING, *Dublin.* 55 6 1 mo. 1890  
 Wife of Joseph Waring.

CONRAD WARNER, 39 10 4 mo. 1890  
*Winchmore Hill.* C. Warner died very shortly after landing at New York.

ELIZABETH WELLS, 57 29 4 mo. 1890  
*Sibford Gower.* An Elder. Wife of John Wells.

It is thought that a few particulars concerning Elizabeth Wells, beyond the bare mention of date of death, would be acceptable to the readers of the *Annual Monitor*, and though in the humble estimate she held of herself she might have shrunk from having any mention in its pages, yet, as she always so appreciated reading the accounts therein of others, it may be fitting and interesting to the large circle of friends and relatives by whom she was known and loved to speak of her

closing days on earth. Her illness was very brief—only six days—and part of the time in much suffering with spasmodic attacks on her breathing. And although at those times much expression of her feelings was precluded, yet, in the prospect of dissolution, all was calm and peaceful within, and she had a humble trust that, through her dear Saviour's merits, she should be "accepted in Him, the beloved."

No great alarm was felt at first as to the serious character of the attack, but acute pain came on shortly in the side, and the doctor who was summoned pronounced it pleurisy. This pain passed away, but further examination of the chest showed that pneumonia of the right lung had set in, accompanied with great prostration of strength, and this last feature made the complaint much more alarming. Her kind medical attendant soon thought it best to call in further advice, and a second doctor was consulted on the Seventh-day afternoon, but only to confirm the opinion of danger. First-day was got through comfortably and quietly for the most part, but she became worse that night, and her absent children were summoned by telegrams. One, who was nearest, arrived by noon, but two others not till five in

the afternoon. It was very touching to see how earnestly she watched the clock, awaiting the time of their coming, so longing to live to see them all once more. This was mercifully granted, and she was strengthened to address each and all of her dear ones as they sat around her dying-bed, and to take her leave of them, saying she should have liked to have lived a few years longer with them, but God's will was otherwise, and she should await their coming in heaven where she herself was going.

She had previously seen two or three friends and neighbours, with whom she had been intimate, to say farewell, and also her servant all of whom were much affected in the prospect of losing so kind a friend and helper. Although none of those around her thought that she could have lasted even to see her dear children, yet she passed through another night, though with increased suffering, accompanied with great restlessness and weariness; and in the afternoon she quietly passed away, sitting in her chair, her family around her. Her sufferings were over, and her happy spirit was gone "where the weary are at rest," to enjoy for ever, in the presence of her Saviour, whom she had loved and served here, that fulness of joy which is

promised to His redeemed ones. The blank to her sorrowing husband and children and near friends is great indeed; but they cannot wish her back to the cares and sorrows of earth from that celestial city where "they hunger no more, nor thirst any more; where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor sighing, neither shall there be any more pain; but its blessed inhabitants, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, are before the Throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His Temple; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The interment of the mortal remains on the following First-day was largely attended by the villagers and friends, and the meeting-house was filled to overflowing, showing the esteem in which she was held.

Perhaps the chief feature in the character of Elizabeth Wells was unselfishness. She lived for others rather than for herself; "unto Him who died for us and rose again." She was constantly ministering to those around her, not alone to her own family, but to the poor, the sick, and suffering, who have in her death lost a



kind and ever-ready friend; and it was felt that the text on the memorial card was peculiarly appropriate — “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.” “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Although her every-day life was so eminently practical, and her hands ever busy, yet she thoroughly enjoyed literature, poetry, and biography; and whilst of later years finding but scant time for reading, yet she liked to hear standard books read to her, as she plied the needle in the evenings. She had an intense love of flowers, and of the beautiful in nature, and it was her delight and recreation to tend her garden favourites and greenhouse pets.

As an old scholar of Sibford School, and latterly a member of its Committee, she took great interest in its welfare, and was pleased to have parties of the children or the teachers at her house from time to time. She was earnest in the Temperance cause and Band of Hope work, attending and taking part in their meetings.

For many years she conducted a small First-day school for young children, held at her house; and her loving interest in the young was ch appreciated, and, we believe, blessed.



In meetings for Divine worship, her voice was only occasionally heard; but as an Elder she sought to uphold and encourage those called to the ministry. What she was to her own family—their life and joy—can only be known to them; truly can it be said, “Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also and he praiseth her.” As showing the bent of her mind, a little circumstance noticed after her decease may be mentioned. A memorandum tablet for various wants, letters to be written, things to get, &c., was headed, evidently as a *permanent* line, “One thing is needful.”

A few extracts respecting her from the many valued and sympathetic letters received by her sorrowing husband and family, may close this imperfect sketch of the “sweetness and light” of her life. The Vicar writes of her: “I can, I am sure, say with the greatest sincerity, that Mrs. Wells had endeared herself to every one in the parish by her personal piety, by her numerous works of charity, by her readiness to help in all good works, and by her sympathy with the poor, especially in times of trouble and sorrow and sickness.” An old school-fellow says: “I shall miss her as a kind friend and

correspondent, her letters always helped me.” Another: “She was my kindest friend when at Sibford School.” A young man once a teacher at the school: “My recollections of Mrs. Wells were always of the pleasantest, and I cherish among Sibford memories, many a cheery word of hers, and many a helpful advice.” From an old servant, to whom she sometimes wrote: “My heart is very grieved and sore for the loss of my dear and beloved mistress.” Another friend speaks of her as one, “whose bright Christian life must have been an inspiration to all who knew her. We all feel we have lost a dear friend.” Another: “I really cannot convey to you in words, ‘the sorrow that has filled our hearts’ because a real guileless tender Christian friend has left us! gone to her eternal rest; so our great loss is to her sainted spirit everlasting gain.” A friend writing to one not connected with the family thus speaks of her: “Having known the dear departed for many years, she can fully testify to the perfect unselfishness and sweetness of her loving friend, and feels what a heavy bereavement her sorrowing family have sustained.”

These tributes to her worth and memory are not intended to imply that she was faultless

—she was very conscious of shortcomings—but  
 ‘by the grace of God she was what she was,’  
 and surely the example of her life to survivors  
 is to stimulate them to seek to follow her as  
 she sought to follow Christ, according to the  
 injunction of the Apostle—“Whose faith follow,  
 considering the end of their conversation, Jesus  
 Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever,”  
 whose grace is sufficient for our need day by  
 day whatever position in life we fill. “Be ye  
 therefore followers of them who through faith  
 and patience inherit the promises.”

“Secure from every mortal care,  
 By sin and sorrow vexed no more,  
 Eternal happiness they share,  
 Who are not lost, but gone before.  
 “On Jordan’s bank whene’er we come,  
 And hear the swelling waters roar,  
 Jesus, convey us safely home,  
 To friends not lost, but gone before.”

MARY ANN WHITEHEAD, 67 18 1 mo. 1890  
*Brighton.*

WILLIAM WHITWELL, 81 25 4 mo. 1890  
*Kendal.*

MARY WIGHAM, 68 26 3 mo. 1890  
*Kirklington, near Carlisle.* Wife of Jacob  
 Wigham.

CHARLES WILLMOTT,	51	3	4 mo.	1890
<i>Birmingham.</i>				
MARY WILLMOTT,	88	10	3 mo.	1890
<i>Birmingham.</i> Widow of William Willmott.				
MARY BISHOP WILLMOTT,	74	19	6 mo.	1890
<i>Yatton, Somerset.</i>				
EDWARD BRADY WILLIAMS,				
<i>Bristol.</i>	76	4	10 mo.	1889
FRANCIS EDWARD WILSON,				
<i>Falmouth.</i>	36	12	4 mo.	1890
JAMES WILSON,	69	20	11 mo.	1889
<i>Bradford.</i>				
SARAH WILSON,	80	30	4 mo.	1890
<i>Harpurhey, Manchester.</i> Widow of George Wilson.				
WALTER WILSON,	94	18	6 mo.	1890
<i>Orchard House, Hawick.</i>				

Walter Wilson was the son of William Wilson, hosier, of Hawick, and was born on the 17th of Ninth month, 1796. He went to Ackworth School in 1808 for two years; after which, by the advice of Edward Pease, he was sent to Darlington, returning home to enter on his father's business in 1812. He was married in 1827 to Rebecca Gibb, daughter of William and Rebecca Gibb, of Edinburgh, who died in 1832; and again in 1838 to Rebecca Cruickshank,

daughter of Alexander and Ann Cruickshank, also of Edinburgh.

Warmly attached to the Society of Friends, of which he was a member to the end of his life, he always took a lively interest in its concerns, and, while able, diligently attended the meetings for worship and discipline. His acquaintance among Friends was very extensive, and his clear memory made his reminiscences very interesting, for he had something to relate respecting almost every one who was mentioned to him. He had often acted as guide to Friends travelling in the ministry, and, when possible, arranged his business journeys so as to attend the different meetings of Friends in Scotland.

When the meeting at Hawick had died out, and the meeting-house was closed, he felt it his duty, along with his family, to attend the services in connection with the Evangelical Union, being on terms of close friendship with successive pastors; he also enjoyed religious fellowship with Christians of all the various denominations.

In his earlier days he was a warm and intelligent politician, taking lively action with others in every measure that he considered of importance to the well-being of the community. His name was associated with the agitation for



Reform in the Representation of the People ; for the abolition of Slavery ; for the abolition of the Corn Laws, and in many other matters of general interest, which occupied public attention during his long life. He was also a warm advocate of the cause of Temperance, and of moral reform. The concerns of his native town received his wise judgment and help ; and his business sagacity and experience were ever placed at the service of his friends and relatives.

Latterly his hearing became somewhat impaired, and for seven years he was quite blind ; but, notwithstanding these infirmities, he was constantly alive to the state of public affairs, and to the interests of philanthropy and charity in the widest sense, and thus he sought to "serve his generation." As years increased, his citizenship became less that of this world, and more of that which is to come. His mind was more centred on eternal things ; and kindly was his counsel and fervent his prayers for his friends, whom he was in the habit of remembering by name at the throne of grace day by day. He enjoyed talking of old times and associations ; but would suddenly break off to make an earnest remark on spiritual things, and then to offer prayer or thanksgiving. His health was on the

whole good, but there were intervals of illness, in which his patience and resignation were tried and manifested. His faith was like that of a little child; he never doubted God's love for a moment.

At the last he was confined to bed for six days only, while gradually the vital spark flickered and then failed, he being conscious to very near the end, when he passed away like a child falling asleep. There was no suffering; his mind was kept in perfect peace, and he preferred to have the Bible read to him rather than anything else. Some of his utterances were striking and beautiful; he often expressed deep thankfulness for his many mercies, saying he thought there was no one so well off as he was. Once, when very still, he was asked what he was thinking of; his answer was: "The scene in Gethsemane's garden." On one of the last days he said: "My work is done; I am going to Heaven; the gates are open." At another time he spoke of being "washed in the blood of Calvary;" and again the words were heard—"Marriage Supper of the Lamb." Thankfulness now prevails for the rest into which he has entered; for he often said he was "*so tired*," though not by any means weary of life; his

attitude was rather that of the Patriarch—"All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." The words of the sixty-second Psalm he repeated day by day and oftener than the day—"My soul wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him. He only is my Rock and my Salvation." And now his expectation is fulfilled, and he is satisfied.

WILLIAM WILSON, 72 18 4 mo. 1890  
*Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

MINNIE WINDASS, 18 mos. 1 6 mo. 1890  
*York.* Daughter of John and Mary A. S. Windass.

WILLIAM H. WOOLMAN, 23 16 10 mo. 1889  
*Stockton-on-Tees.* Son of Thomas and Elizabeth Woolman.

GEORGE B. WOOR, 66 29 3 mo. 1890  
*Weston-super-Mare.*

ANNE WRIGHT, 75 28 4 mo. 1890  
*Bury St. Edmunds.* Wife of Robert Wright

JANE WRIGHT, 44 28 7 mo. 1890  
*Sunderland.* Widow of John Henry Wright.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, 75 6 2 mo. 1890  
*Sudbury.*

WILLIAM WRIGHT, 75 14 2 mo. 1890  
*Cork.* An Elder.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, 56 7 9 mo. 1890  
*Sibford.*

W. Wycherley had been a valuable and faithful servant as gardener at Sibford School for thirty-one years.

## APPENDIX.

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CHARLES ANDREW RADLEY,  
DIED AT THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL, BIRMINGHAM,  
TENTH MONTH 18TH, 1890. AGED TWENTY-FIVE.

IN the suffering, yet peaceful and happy close of the life of this young Friend, may be seen the need of preparation for death at an unexpected moment, the sufficiency of Divine grace for the greatest human extremity, and the efficacy of that hope in Christ which is as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, entering into that which is within the veil.

He was the second son of Joseph and Phœbe Jane Radley, and was born at Croydon, in 1865. He was early deprived of the tender care of his mother, who left him, in confiding prayer, to that of his Heavenly Father. After a happy boyhood, spent partly at Wigton, and partly at Lisburn, he left school at the age of fifteen, and entered the service of the Northern Banking Company, in Belfast and Dromore; but subsequently he entered the chief office of the Coalbrookdale Iron Company, in Shropshire.



When about twenty-two he accepted an important post in the manufactory of Thomas B. Wilkins, in Birmingham. He was married at Warwick, in 1889, to Louisa J. Wilkins, and settled at Innisfail, Acock's Green.

He took a lively interest in business affairs, and in several Associations with which he became connected—when in “The Dale,” as Secretary to the Mechanics' Institution, and to the Ironbridge Rowing Club; and to the Literary Guild at Acock's Green.

Being comfortably settled in a home of his own, his life seemed full of promise for future usefulness and happiness, when, at an unexpected moment, he was suddenly called away.

It is believed that a few particulars of the last two or three days of his life may be profitably recorded.

On the evening of the 15th of Tenth month, he attended, by invitation, the réunion of the Friends' First-day School Teachers, at the close of the Birmingham Conference, kindly given by Frank Clayton, the Mayor; and he greatly enjoyed the company of many there assembled. On the 16th he was present at a meeting for young Friends, held by John T. Dorland, and at the social opportunity which preceded it he

privately spoke of his trust in his Saviour, and of his desire to serve Him more faithfully for the future than he had hitherto done. The meeting appears to have been to him a time of divine favour and of heavenly visitation, several friends who were present remarking the sweetness of his countenance at its close; and, on returning home with a young friend who had attended, he referred with comfort and satisfaction to his having been present on the occasion.

On the evening of the 17th there came the Heavenly call, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!" When about the time to close the factory and go home, he was delayed by having to search in a dark apartment for an ornament which had been left in a vat of lacquer mixture. When taking it out the end of the wax match which he was carrying dropped accidentally into the vat, causing an instant and alarming conflagration. Thoughtful only of the danger to the factory and the hands employed, he sent away those who were with him to give an alarm, and bravely lifted the burning vessel to carry it away. But apparently the flame and smoke compelled him to place it on the floor where it soon spent itself; and when, a few minutes afterwards, one of the workmen was

able to reach him, he was still partly enveloped in flames, yet conscious.

He was quickly removed to the Queen's Hospital, and carefully attended; and though so grievously burned, was mentally clear and bright, and fully aware of his condition; and asked those about him to pray for him, saying, "I am going to Heaven! I shall not recover!"

After the needful dressing by the doctors, and being conveyed to the accident ward, he conversed freely with the nurse, and repeated after her the twenty-third Psalm, saying it again a second time by himself, and dwelling on the words "*the shadow.*" Several times he spent some minutes in prayer, confessing his shortcomings and unfaithfulness, and praying his Heavenly Father to have mercy on him and take him to Himself.

Although his condition was described as heartrending to behold, and thoughts of his wife and little one were much with him, yet he was preserved in great patience, and showed his thoughtfulness for a poor boy who was suffering near him. Towards midnight he prayed aloud very fervently, both for himself and all his dear ones, and it was felt to be a prayer in which all who were in the room united with him.

After this he became increasingly peaceful and happy.

Some of his last expressions were, "Oh, I am so happy! I am going home—to my Heavenly Home;" and at midnight, when the cry came, he was, as we reverently believe, ready, through Divine mercy, with his lamp trimmed and his light burning, to enter in to the marriage supper of the Lamb. He expired a few minutes after twelve.

The minister of a neighbouring congregation, referring afterwards to his sudden removal, and to the support which he received in the hour of death, observed of him:—"Our late friend was a man who rested in his faith. He did the will of God, and therefore knew His doctrine. He was one whose example should be held up to the eyes of those young men who lived oblivious of responsibilities. A life and death like his demonstrated to them that there was not only a God to whom they could pray, but a God who would help them. His death was a vindication of the conduct of his life—when passing through the shadow of death he feared no evil."\*

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\* The above notice was received too late for insertion in its proper place.



ELI JONES,  
OF SOUTH CHINA, MAINE.

So well known and highly esteemed was Eli Jones on this side of the Atlantic, that the following brief sketch, from the pen of one of his fellow-labourers in the Gospel, seems to have a fitting place in these pages.

He was born on the 12th of Third month, 1807, on the shores of China Lake, in the State of Maine. His childhood and youth were spent in the retirement of its wooded shores, in honest industry, cultivating the soil redeemed from the primeval forest by the strokes of his father's axe. He had few educational advantages, but such as he had were turned to the best account by his earnest and vigorous mind, and his occupations and surroundings developed the natural strength, sincerity, and nobility of his character. Here also, experiencing the training of the Heavenly Master, he yielded his young heart to his Saviour, and was called to speak in His name in meetings for worship before he was fourteen years of age, thus laying the foundation of his future life of active usefulness, and of that dependence on immediate Divine guidance which was so evident to all who knew him well.



He ever took a warm, large-hearted interest in the young; and, remembering his own youthful longing for the books and literary advantages which his early circumstances precluded him from enjoying, he was watchful to obtain such privileges for them.\*

In 1833, he married Sybil Jones, and in their united lives, lived in the love and fear of God, and devoted to His service, they were honoured to be His messengers to very many in their own land and in far-off countries. Leaving their quiet little home and the farm on which Eli Jones laboured industriously, leaving also the young children and near relatives to whom their hearts were bound in warm affection, they went forth again and again, in close dependence on the Holy Spirit's guidance, to visit many parts of their own country, and across the ocean to Liberia, to most of the countries of Western Europe, and to Egypt, Syria and Palestine.

Eli Jones travelled in the East four times: in 1867-8 and 9, it was in company with his wife, when they visited the schools and mission stations in Syria and Palestine; and as they

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\* Oak Grove Seminary, and the Erskine High School, in his native state, are largely indebted to him for their existence and success.

journeyed through the land, they addressed the natives who gathered round their tents in evening meetings. Athens and some other places were also visited, and they were the means of stirring up Friends in Great Britain and Ireland to an active interest in these Bible lands, such as had not been felt before, and which is bearing fruit in mission-work on the Lebanon and in Palestine.

After the death of Sybil Jones in 1873, Eli Jones twice again visited the East, where he was helpful to many, and warmly welcomed by those who retained a loving remembrance of his own and his wife's previous labours of love, and where he had the joy of seeing the missions under Friends prospering. Much of the energy of his later years was devoted to kindling and arousing, among Friends in America and elsewhere, a zeal for his Master's work in foreign lands, and in encouraging, by spoken and written words, those engaged in mission work at home and abroad, from far-off Alaska on the Pacific shores, to Ramallah in the East.

His interest in the causes of Peace and Temperance was warm and active, as well as in the social, educational, and religious advancement of his fellow-men, including the

Freedmen, Indians, and others, and his own immediate neighbours ; and in the legislature of his own State, and in his township his influence was powerful for good. To within a few days of his last illness, his voice was heard in Friends' meetings for worship, proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ, and testifying to the life-long blessedness of His service. His life pre-eminently shows what honour God puts upon those who faithfully and with singleness of purpose serve Him.

He retained his vigour of mind to the very last. His final illness was short, and without much suffering, and he passed away on the 2nd of Second month, 1890, at his home, South China, Maine, surrounded, like the patriarchs, by those who loved and honoured him to the third generation, and by those to whom his example had been a lifelong blessing. Almost his last words were in reference to Friends' Mission Station in Palestine.

Having nobly "served his generation according to the will of God, He was gathered to his fathers" — one of the wise who "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; of those who, turning many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

A PASSAGE FROM THE HISTORY  
OF  
JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY'S VISIT TO  
AMERICA.

*(Addressed by a correspondent, to the FRIENDS'  
REVIEW.)*

“The Lord confirming the word by signs following.”

In the early part of Ninth month, 1838, J. J. Gurney went to Sandwich, New Hampshire, and on the day after his arrival there a public meeting was held. In his communication, after a very clear doctrinal discourse, he addressed himself “to some *one*” (to use his own words) in a most searching and affecting manner. He gave character with such particularity in this place, where in early life I was well acquainted, that involuntarily I raised my eye to look for the individual object of this remarkable concern, and directly before me on the floor sat E. H., bowed down and in tears. J. J. Gurney noticed his emotion and remarked upon it in the evening after the meeting. The following morning, after an evidently close struggle in mind in

regard to the foregoing of some previous arrangement as to his course of travel east into Maine, he came out of his chamber at Cyrus Beede's, and, in his pleasant and easy manner, pointed to a spur of mountains overlooking Winnipisiogee Lake, saying, "I think we may recruit a little to-day, and have a meeting in the Academy this evening; and in the meantime we can take a ride out and see what a view we can get from this mountain near by." We were soon on the way; and calling at my sister's for her husband to pilot us, J. J. Gurney stepped across the street to a house nearly opposite, and addressed a man at the gate (whose name he had inquired), saying in a familiar manner, "E. H., please take thy son and join our party in a ride to Red Hill (the local name of that branch of Ossipee mountain), and if agreeable we will dine with thy family on our return." E. H. at once joined the party, and some pleasant hours were spent on that beautiful eminence, from which lies open the entire view of the lake with its "*hundred isles*," as well as many places of Massachusetts and some points of high lands in Connecticut and Vermont and Maine. That no moment might be left out of account, he called in a religious way on families by the way, who were



connected with Friends, while we were ascending and skirting half round the mountain.

At the hour proposed we were at our appointed dinner. During the meal a cheerful and instructive conversation was kept up, sometimes with the husband and then with the wife or the children, two daughters of the number being in waiting around the table. As we were leaving the table, J. J. Gurney requested that these interesting daughters might be seated in the circle for a few moments; and he addressed the family in a remarkable communication, saying: "We have spent the day together most pleasantly; and we have felt some dear sense of the love of our heavenly Father, and some tokens of the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus our Lord; and this sense has been felt most precious whilst sitting around this bountifully supplied table; it has brought me into near and tender sympathy, my dear E. H. with thee. The grace of God that bringeth salvation, and appeareth unto all men, is afforded not only to bring near those that are afar off, but to *make the very best of men better than they are*. What has it done, my dear friend? rather, what has it not done for thee? When young it awakened thee; it took from thee thy native hardness of

heart, and gave thee a very tender spirit ; to the present hour it has not turned away from thee. In mind I have surveyed thy past history ; and as I turn back the pages I see thereon an acknowledgment of favours and of mercies received, and over against these I see an account of some favours and mercies overlooked, or, for the time, not fully prized. Yet thy Lord gave thee a sense of His restoring love to win thy whole heart, which quickened in thy breast a love to Him for His goodness. But when, for thy omissions, He turned His face from thee to prove thee, there stands a record of sorrow and lamentation and mourning.

“ I have seen the balances uplifted in which are weighed things of temporal and eternal kind, for God has proved thee with both. In the one scale were laid thy silver and thy gold, thy fields added to fields and house to house ; and in the other I have seen thee lay things of heavenly kind, with thy appreciation of them, and I rejoice with thee that these have overbalanced all. Yet there are moments when thy sins and thy sense of thy unworthiness bend down thy whole frame, and thy heart and hands are raised to God for help.

“ And need I now tell thee of Him who died

for our sins, and rose again for our justification, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us?" With uncommon earnestness our dear J. J. Gurney now persuaded his already weeping friend to number his many blessings, and with grateful heart to wait patiently now in his evening of life, and see what a most compassionate and most merciful Lord would do for him in his old age. "For," said he, "I have turned an eye upon the clearly written page of the future, and on it I perceive not a few marks of continued divine favour. There I see written days and weeks and months amongst other privileges; and I *look for years and none are seen; months and weeks and days, but years are not there.* Yet for thee, my brother, I do rejoice as I look onward and behold a *cloudless sunset for thy day.* I look upon it, and its more than golden glory casts back a splendour that speaks of richer glories belonging to that day which soon will open on thee, and which shall be for ever."

There was a solemnity—it may rather be said an awfulness—attendant on this scene, of which all seemed to partake; and he added without a pause, "For thee, dear H., how much has thy Lord done to bless and to make thee entirely

His! To the past pages of thy great account I turn and notice there the oft-renewed visitations of the Holy Spirit to incline thee to Himself. When He has stood knocking at the door, hast thou let Him in to exercise His kingly power in thy heart, and to change its affections from earthly things to things heavenly? Or, hast thou given entrance to His hand, or yielded place for His foot, merely upon the threshold, and there stayed the door upon its hinges, for very fear of the thorough work which He would do upon thee? Thou hast petitioned for a delay—for a little longer time—some *more convenient season*; and He has lent *months and years*, till thy evening of life has come. As in the case of thy beloved husband, I have turned also, to the future of thy account. I have turned to see how, in future years; thy account will stand; and *years* are not written there. Months and weeks are there; but *for thee, dear friend, there are no more years*. And I search the horizon to catch a glimpse of the sunset of thy day. With what joy could I behold for thee the coming glory which marks the evening of thy dear E.; but to my poor vision a cloud hangs over it; and what lies beyond it the Omniscient One alone knows. There may be

grace and mercy, for God is good and of tender compassion, but He only sees."

After a fervent entreaty to the mother to count every day a treasure and use it according to its worth, he addressed the son and the three daughters in a most tendering manner, and this remarkable scene closed; and we went to the Academy, where he again, near the close of the meeting, spoke to particular persons, giving point in his characters brought up so fittingly that I almost trembled lest these same dear friends would charge myself with informing. Just then he exclaimed with almost startling emphasis, "No lip of mortal has whispered in mine ear these things, but they are matters so often brought to your remembrance by the Holy Spirit that they have become things of record in your great account; and O, that tears could obliterate them from my mental eye!"

It will be borne in mind that this was before the middle of Ninth month, 1838. Both these individuals were brought up members of the Society of Friends; and the wife, and probably the husband, remained such till the time of their marriage. From that time they had seldom attended any other meetings. They lived re-



spected, and were now among the most wealthy families in town.

During the following winter E. H. became seriously ill. Pretty early in his sickness he laid aside his temporal concerns, and soon became confined to his room. For a short time in his confinement he had the affectionate care of his wife; but, on her becoming suddenly prostrated by sickness, she was removed to a chamber where the care-takers of the one might not disquiet the other. The husband bore the parting with great composure, apprehending that the final separation from all earth held dear was not far distant; and for a preparation for that moment he found help in great humility to cast himself upon the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. His deep sense of the riches of this mercy he often expressed, and his lips were filled with praises to Him whose hand in secret had wrought out for him such wonderful reconciliation; he looked upon his end with calmness, and now continued to speak with confidence of its near approach. Of this the wife received information, and, though extremely feeble, she prevailed on the family to take her to his room, that she might again see him while living. This was an affecting meeting. The

husband with affectionate tenderness gave the afflicted wife a final farewell, assuring her of his triumphant hopes of a glorious immortality, and of his plenteous foretaste of its joys. The shock to her sensitive and enfeebled mind proved too great; mental machinery (so to speak) gave way under it, and she was returned to her chamber in wild delirium, exclaiming that her husband was now in torment and that perdition awaited her. E. H. survived this but a short time, passing away in the triumph of inexpressible joy; and before the time of funeral arrived the wildering sufferer of the other chamber died, and they were together buried in one grave, about six months from the day when dear J. J. Gurney proclaimed to them: "*There are months and weeks and days on your future page of being, but no more years are there.*"

And more, still; the veil that overhung the sunset of her day was of dreadful kind; yet in his own words—what might be beyond it is only known to the Omniscient One.\*

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\* *Friends' Review*, Third month 2nd, 1872.

*INFANTS whose names are not inserted.*

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Under three months	...	Boys	2	...	Girls	1
From three to six months		„	0	...	„	3
„ six to nine	„	„	1	...	„	0
„ nine to twelve	„	„	0	...	„	1

TABLE,

*Showing the Deaths at different Ages, in the Society of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland, during the years 1887-88, 1888-89, and 1889-90.*

AGE.	Year 1887-88.			Year 1888-89.			Year 1889-90.		
	Male	Female	Total.	Male	Female	Total.	Male	Female	Total.
Under 1 year*	2	5	7	3	5	8	3	5	8
Under 5 years	6	8	14	7	8	15	7	8	15
From 5 to 10 years	0	4	4	1	4	5	1	3	4
" 10 to 15	2	1	3	1	2	3	1	1	2
" 15 to 20	4	3	7	0	3	3	4	5	9
" 20 to 30	6	6	12	10	3	13	5	4	9
" 30 to 40	9	5	14	9	6	15	8	7	15
" 40 to 50	11	13	24	11	8	19	6	6	12
" 50 to 60	8	13	21	14	12	26	13	12	25
" 60 to 70	18	34	52	22	21	43	21	19	40
" 70 to 80	20	28	48	27	32	59	31	37	68
" 80 to 90	11	31	42	21	39	60	15	23	38
" 90 to 100	1	6	7	2	3	5	7	11	18
All Ages	96	152	248	125	141	266	119	136	255

\* The numbers in this series are included in the next, "under 5 years."  
 Average age in 1887-88 .. .. 57 years, 11 months, and 8 days.  
 Average age in 1888-89 .. .. 59 years, 2 months, and 16 days  
 Average age in 1889-90 .. .. 60 years, 3 months, and 3 days.







